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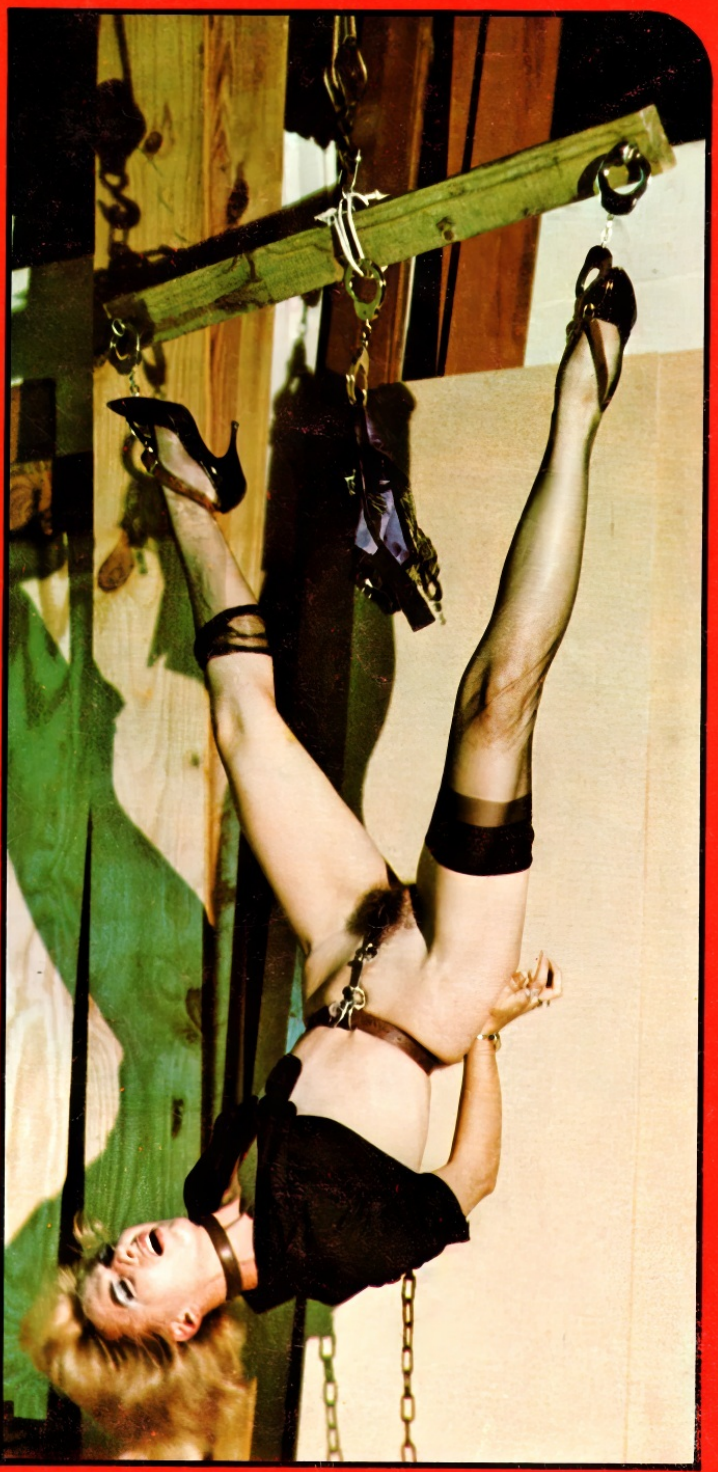

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WOUND UP WHIMPERING WENCH / SUSPENDED SENTENCE
REFLECTIONS ON RESTRAINT / BOUND IN A CROWD
HANG HER IN THE HANGAR / A NEWLY BOUND FRIEND
FICTION: SHEATHS FOR THE FUN OF IT

AND SO MANY BRILLIANTLY TORTURED WOMEN. . .
YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THEM TO BELIEVE IT!!!

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EDITORIAL

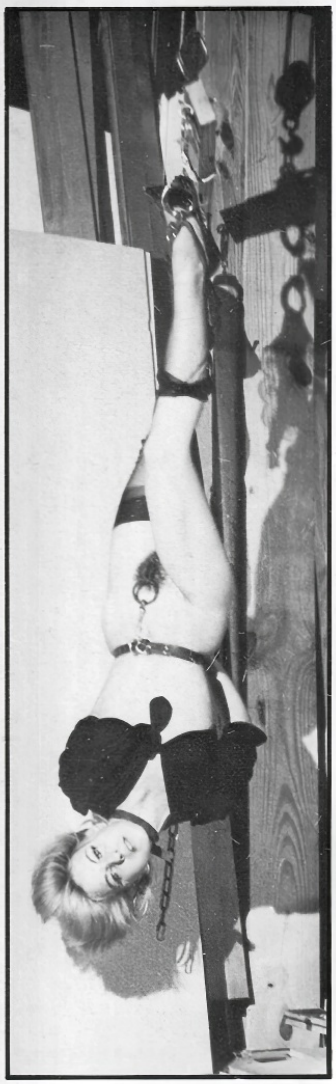
The most exquisitely worded dissertation on bondage I have ever read was the autobiography of William Seabrook titled "No Hiding Place". The author possessed a vivid sense of imagery and a use of words rarely surpassed in any age. He also possessed a Fantasy. To him and to most of us it would be the most beautiful fantasy in the world.

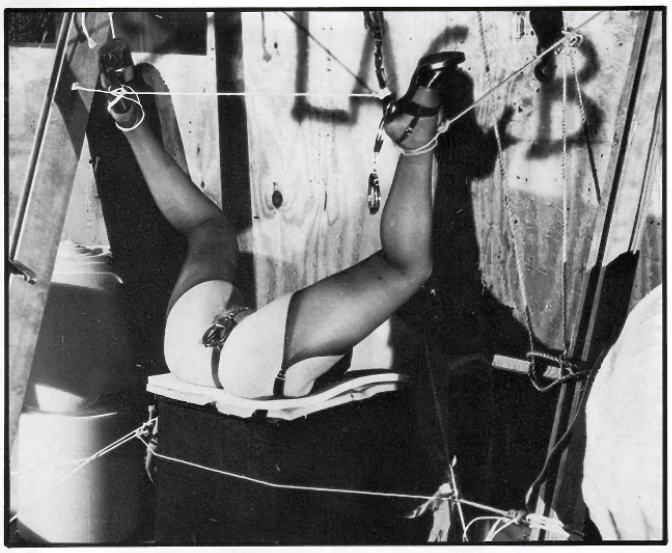
He made his fantasy come true. He had the gift and the money in an age when fantasies were not recognized and certainly were not respectable. He was amazingly successful in his pursuit of his"Lady in chains". His quest took him to strange places and to meet strange people. Yet in the end he arrived at two definite conclusions. One: and here I use his own words: "The girl in chains had been there always". The other was, quite simply, that to tie or chain a lovely girl was an end in itself. It needed neither apology or explanation. An artist paints a picture that is pure beauty. There is no need to ask the question why.

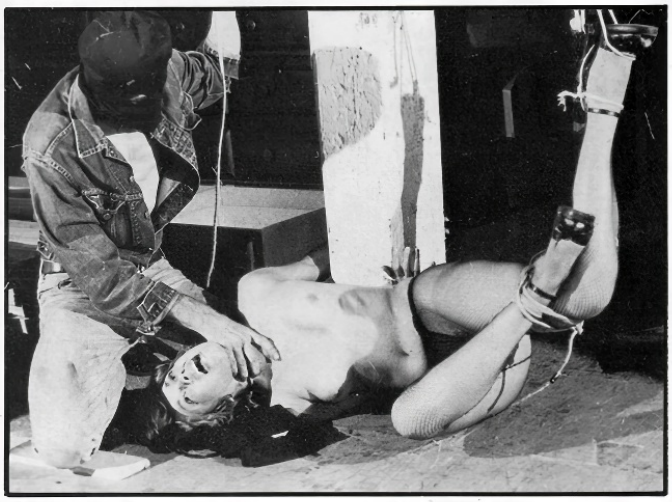
How beautiful she is, our naked girl in chains! How elemental, vibrant with life! A sunrise and a sunset held with cord. How she enriches us, filling the vacuums of our conventionality, giving a fresh purpose and delight to wrist and ankle and the slender neck. Each bondage is a fresh masterpiece, a fresh experience, a new discovery. Seabrook painted his pictures all his life. He painted them in living flesh and bone. He tells of a time at the height of his literary eminence when he was so inundated with palpitating femininity offering itself to his cords and to his chains that he was hard put to regulate the traffic. True bondage is not a selfish thing.

William Seabrook was by no means alone among the greats of authorship. But he was the first and the most frank in his open discussion of it and his perceptive recognition that he was dealing in aesthetics more than in erotics. It is both amusing and significant to trace among the works of other authors of the period quite revealing and often very beautiful manifestations of the bondage theme. It was never mentioned as such. But often the chapters or sequences could rank among the most colorful and erotic depictions of a bound girl. It cropped up in many and diverse places.

Of particular interest in Seabrook's own experience was his discovery of a tremendous release of pent up brilliance that came to him after his first actual experience with a woman who shared his need. It is possible that a girl who lends herself to bonds is giving more than she can ever know.







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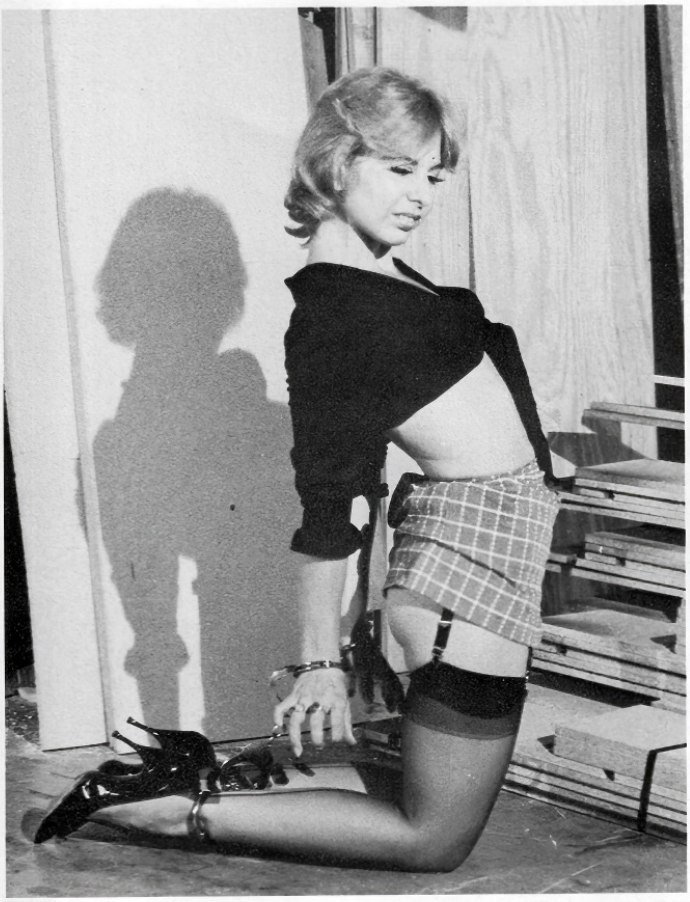
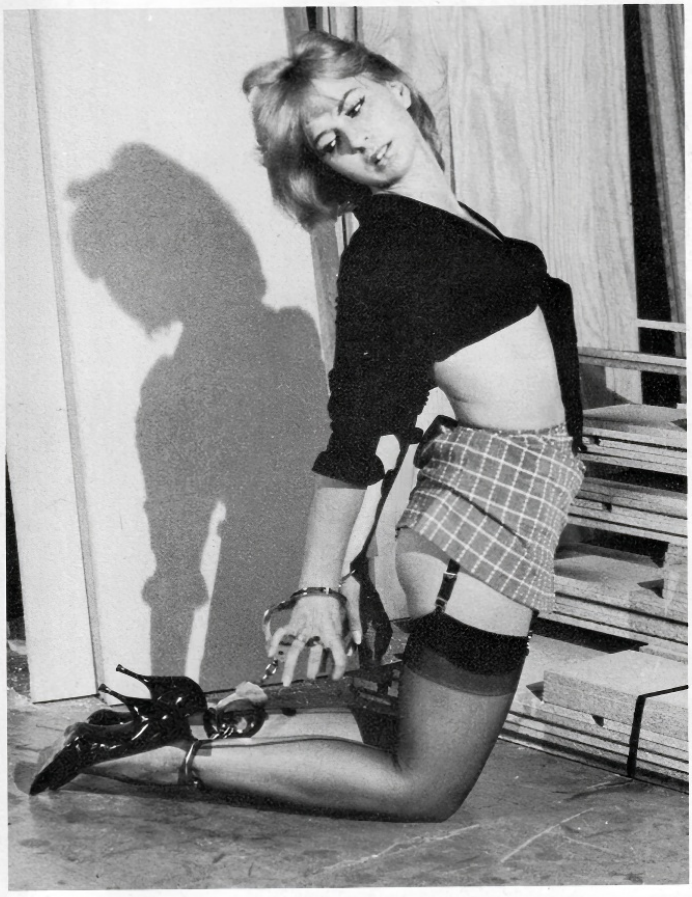
BOUND IN A CROWD

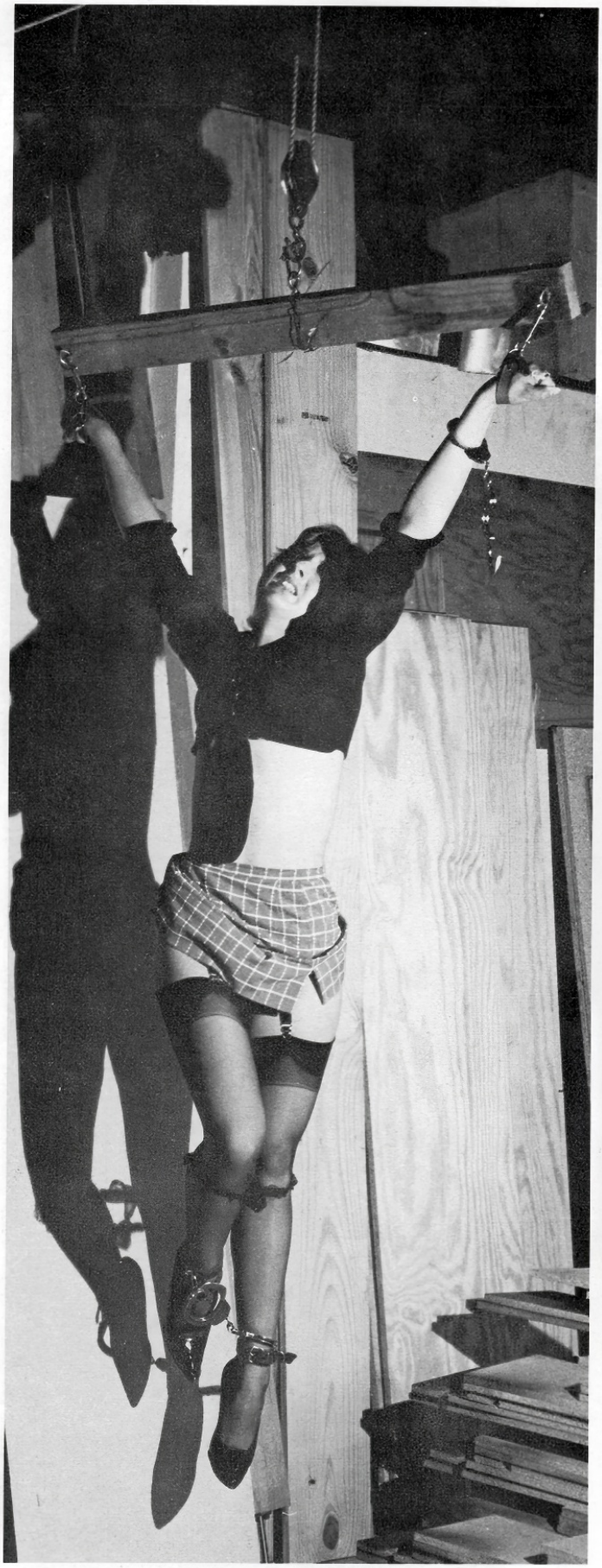
Some people just don't have a sense of humor. Take the girl shipping clerk in the lumber room over at A & B. Lots of us guys would like to take her. Well, Louie Neff comes in one day with a pair of handcuffs. You're right. Laura, the shipping clerk, got to wear them.

At first she went along with it, until Ned, the youngest guy, played a little grabass. She couldn't protect her rear with her wrists shackled. First thing we know, she's on the intercom. Louis and Ned grabbed her and I switched the cuffs behind her back. Sam brought out another pair, which we put on her ankles. He had bought half a dozen pair in a swap meet.

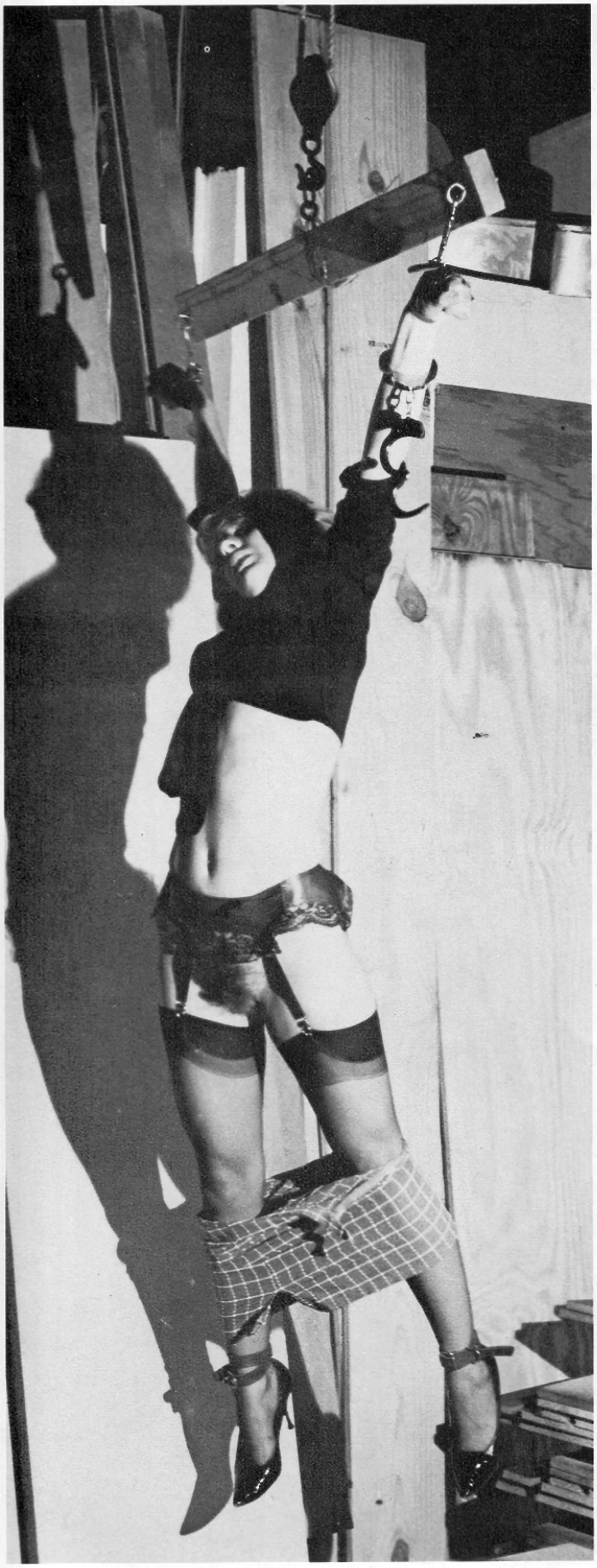
We let her stay in an iron hogtie until noon. This meant we had to do her work, too, but it was worth it to be able to feel her as we went by. She didn't yell because the noise of the saws blanketed any sound. It was fun to watch her squirm and to take hold of her springy young body.

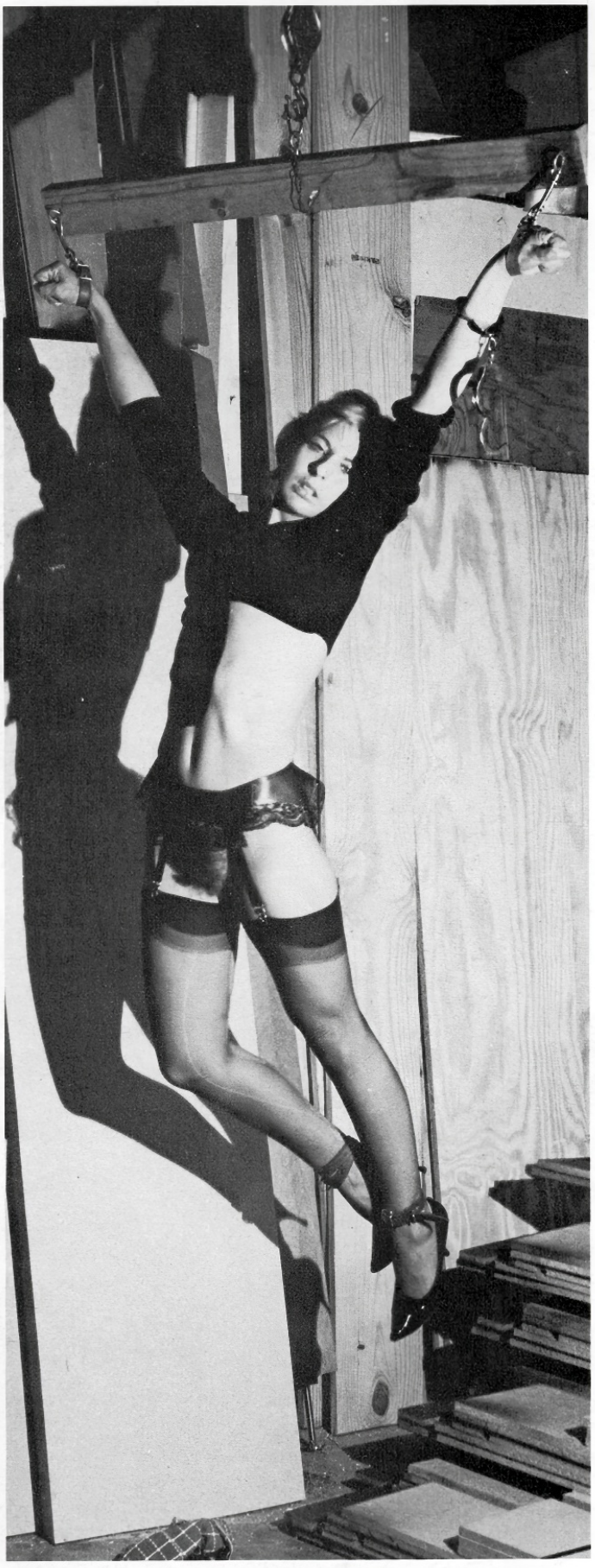






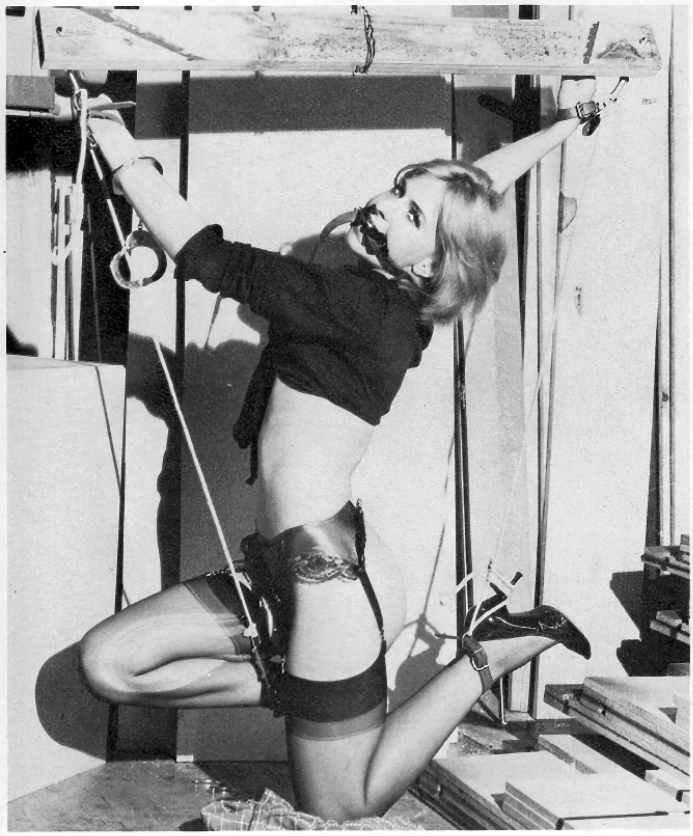
We let her out at noon and kept her down there. We had some other ideas. After lunch we hung her up on a beam and let her dangle. When we fettered her ankles she couldn't kick when we handled her ass, which was also up high enough to reach easily. Before long her mini-skirt got unsnapped and slid down her voluptuous thighs while she wiggled to keep it on. We gave her a round of applause when the skirt dropped on the floor. We were amused, but not surprised to see she had no panties on -- only a satin garter belt.



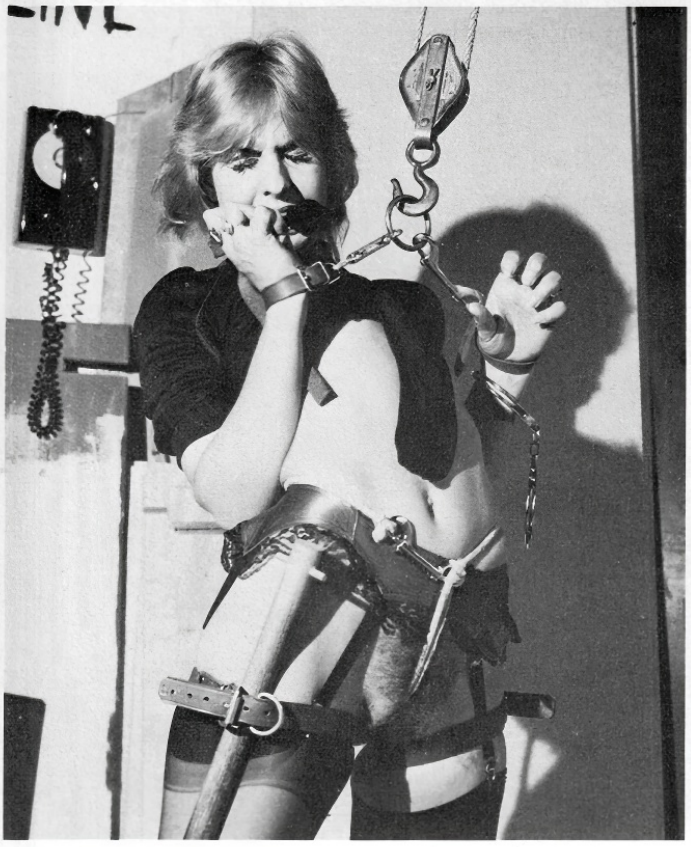


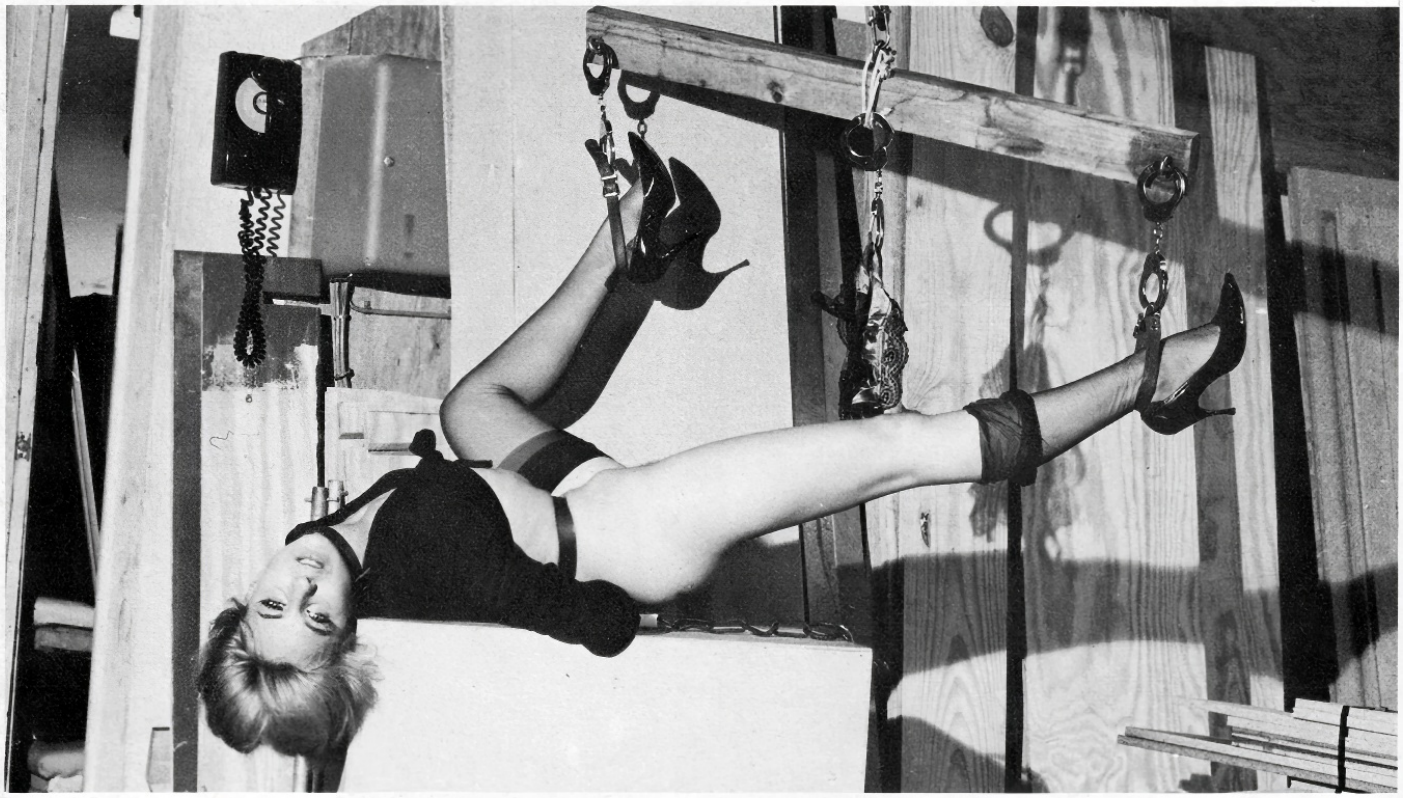
"I wonder who she was wearing that for?" I asked.

"Don't matter now," Ned remarked. "We're all gettin' the benefit," and he lowered her to her knees, fixing her legs in an Al Jolson Mammy pose. We all had a turn at working over her luscious buttocks. Ned got down and kissed each cheek. He was a clown.



We figured her arms might be stiff by the middle of the afternoon, so we put her in straps and shackles, supported by a strap around her neck to a hook.

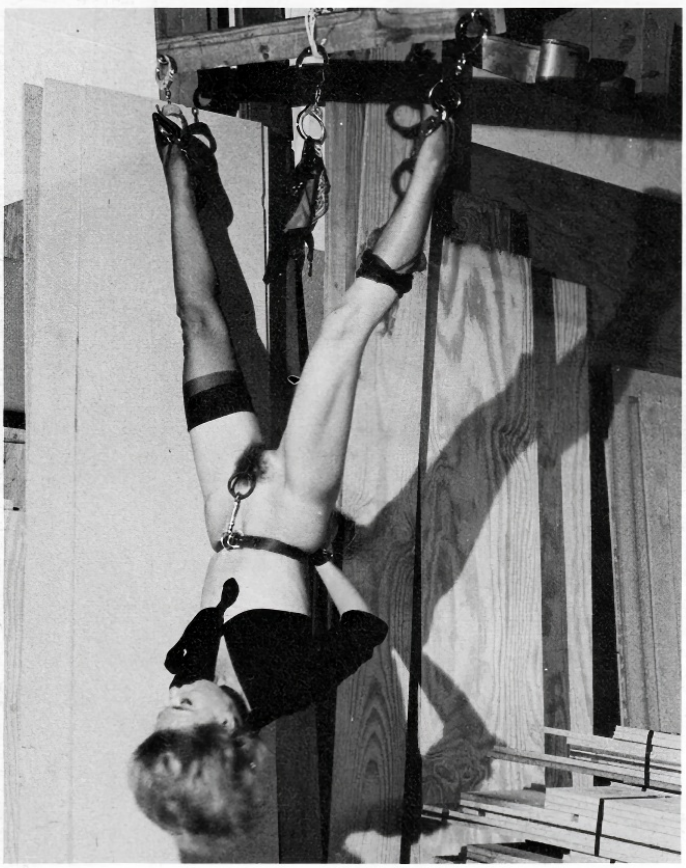




We flipped for her at the afternoon break while she watched, knowing she was the prize. Louie won and he put her down on a pile of particle board and shoved the meat into her. My turn was next. She tried to just lie there and be a dead lay, but she couldn't help reacting. The strapping chafed my thighs a little, but she was so firm and clingy it was worth the slight discomfort.

Ned had to be original. He put her down on a box with her legs in the air and her head hanging over the edge. It was almost quitting time before he got through pumping.

Well, we had to clean up. We chained her hands in back and swung her by the ankles while we discussed her future.



SHEATHS FOR THE FUN OF IT

One of my husband's more strenuous diversions (for me, that is!) involves putting me into a full set of doubling-sheaths and then taunting me as I struggle to obey his orders. A "sheath session," as Mark calls it, is quite exhausting—but the delicious humiliation is so exciting that I never object when he tells me to get ready for one.

To begin, I must strip completely and put on my heavy leather corselet. Mark cinches it in until I am literally gasping for breath and my breasts, which are quite full and firm anyway, jut out scandalously above it. Then he anchors my rivet-studded bodystrap to the corselet, buckling it tightly so there is continual irritation and pressure on my pleasure-mound and up between the soft globes of my derriere.

A pair of fist-mitts—padded leather bags that squeeze my hands into hard-clenched fists and are fastened to my wrist-cuffs—comes next. Finally, I am ready for him to put my sheaths on me.

They are made of heavy black leather, designed especially to my measurements, and they hold each arm and leg sharply doubled within their unyielding embrace. Each arm-sheath slips up over an elbow, reaching to the armpit, and after Mark tightens the laces and straps my forearm is pressed against my biceps and my mitted hand is jammed against my shoulder. After both are securely in place, I am like a chicken with clipped wings—I can move my strangely shortened freely but they are virtually useless.

Then Mark makes me lie down so he can put on my leg-sheaths. I bend each leg and hold my thighs apart so he can slide the sheaths down over them. They reach down to my groin and are tightened the same way as the arm-sheaths. Before he is satisfied, each calf is squashed hard against the back of a thigh and my heels are digging harshly into my tender buttocks. I moan with pleasure at the intense constriction.

Looking down, I can see my leg muscles tense beneath the glossy leather as I test the sheaths. There is, of course, no escape. I smile at the thought of the sexy torments that await me.

Once I am ready, he orders me to roll over onto my face for some limbering-up poses. This is a bit difficult, given my bizarre bondage, but I manage to obey. Already the sensation of mortifying clumsiness begins to excite me.

The sheaths are padded at the knees and elbows to prevent bruises, and are also equipped with D-rings. My husband uses those at the insides of my knees to fasten a two-foot spreader bar between them, stretching my thighs wide apart, and then straps my leather-bound elbows together in the center of my back. This is already a strenuous position, but he soon makes it worse by fixing a strap from my elbows to the center of the spreader bar and tightening it until my body is arched in and excruciating bow.

He chuckles at my obvious discomfort, and then adds to it by rocking me back and forth on my out-arched belly. He also fondles my breasts, which are raised well off the rug, until I am moaning under the erotic torment. But he knows I can't take this too long, especially in the beginning, and releases me in ten minutes or so.

I lie panting after my elbows have been freed, partly from relief and partly from arousal, even though my thighs are still spread drastically apart. My husband allows me only a brief rest, though, before he orders me to assume a crawling position.

Even with my knees aspraddle, my fanny is still higher than my head because my upper arms are so much shorter than my thighs. This means I must hold my head back as far as possible if I am to see anything that lies ahead of me. The elbows-and-knees position is not only clumsy, it is also delightfully humiliating because my crotch is so vulnerable and my breasts swing free beneath me.

Then I must crawl around the playroom three times. This is not painful, but it is ludicrously slow. My husband tells me I move like a crippled turtle, and I wriggle happily in shameless agreement. With my legs so rigidly spread, I must swing my hips vigorously with every "step" to achieve any forward movement. This of course requires extra effort and also requires some real skill on my part, since too much energy in swinging a knee forward can throw me off-balance (and my doubled arms are not much good for quick recoveries).

He sits down to watch me struggle through my assignment, teasing me about my clumsiness and chortling whenever I fall down. Huffing and puffing, I finally complete the three circuits of the room and crawl laboriously to his chair. He scolds me for my slowness and orders me to sit up.

This is easy: I simply fall back to a kneeling position. But then he secures my elbows behind me once more and I am almost totally helpless. With my shoulders drawn back so severely, I can barely move my torso at all. My breasts are stretched across my ribs, tautly rounded, and my sensitive nipples stand out invitingly.

Smiling, my tormentor leans forward to cup my bosoms in his hands, gauging their velvety resiliency and skillfully arousing them. He knows how to stimulate them in a thousand ways—tickling, scratching, squeezing, stroking, tweaking, flicking, kneading, pinching, rubbing, poking! —and soon I am gasping with excitement. My nipples swell and harden, becoming thick as walnuts, and they itch with a burning need for more caresses. I squeeze my eyes shut and moan hoarsely as his hands continue the erotic torment.

But I know what is to come next, and it tinges my passion with quaking anxiety. It is impossble for me to ignore the tantalizing pleasure of the moment, even though I know that he is not doing this just for my benefit. As soon as he decides that my nipples are sufficiently erect and distended, he brings out a pair of the dreaded nipple-clamps and dangles them tauntingly before me. These are hollow aluminum cones that have a constricting rubber ring inside the base. After one of these hideous devices has been set snugly over a nipple

(Continued on page 16)

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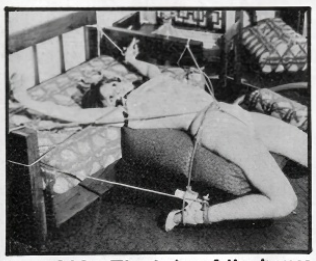
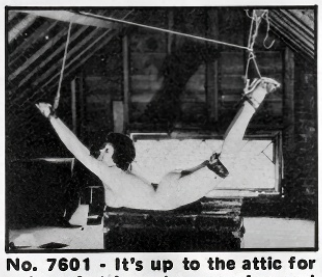


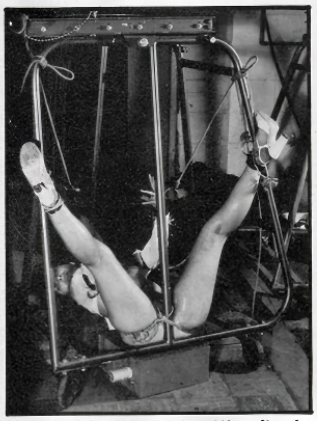
No. 7600 - The lady of the house becomes the bondage victim of a ruthless intruder!



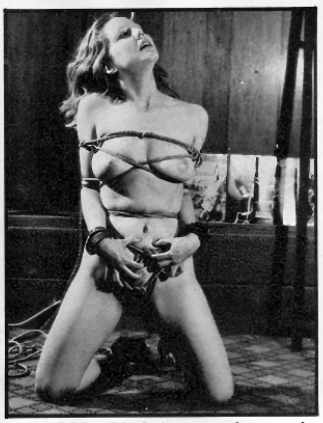
No. 7601 - It's up to the attic for a day of stringent suspension and wild, spread eagled fun!

No. 7602 - This sexy, buxom, bound, black beauty will light your fire for sure!

No. 7603 - She's tied & shackled to a rack, and you won't believe the positions!



No. 7604 - Soaked with oil, she writhes in her bonds with the passion we all love.

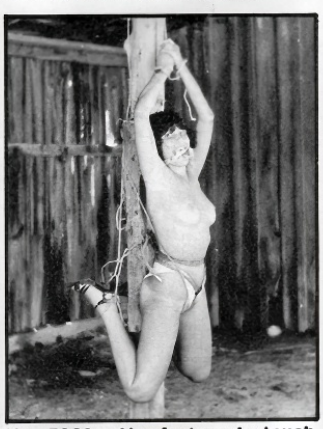


No. 7605 - She's horny, she wants more rope, more strap, tighter . . . and she gets what she wants!

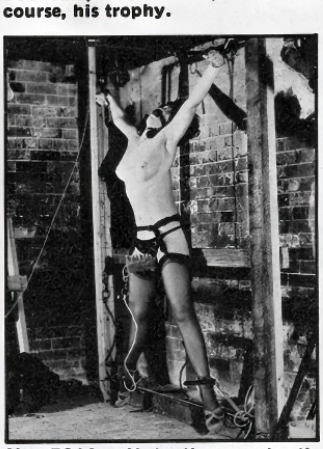
No. 7606 - Brilliant use of his bookcase, lots of rope and of course, his trophy.

No. 7607 - Superb, stringent bondage in the woods with crotch ropes tighter than ever!

No. 7608 - Down in his workshop, her luscious body is the project being worked on.



No. 7609 - Her feet rarely touch the ground as the ropes keep her entire body firmly in place.



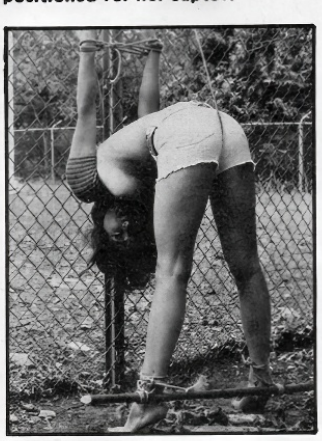
No. 7610 - Note the saw tooth board her crotch rests on, well there's much more than that!

No. 7611 - Stripped naked, royally bound and strenuously positioned for her captor.

No. 7612 - A luscious pulsating oriental body needs certain rope to show an even better value.

No. 7613 - Bondage, teasing, spanking and a lusty body well worth taking it all.

No. 7614 - The strict use of rope on a ravaged and bewildered young lady is the message.



No. 7615 - Schoolgirls can be teasing little bad girls . . . so what should we do . . . ?

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thickened with excitement, he can tighten the rubber ring with a key until it cannot possibly be pulled off.

Before I have cooled off from my arousal, he has fixed the aluminum cones securely in place over my throbbing nipples. Each one has a small ring set at the tip so a girl's master can fasten a leash, or reins, or anything he selects directly to her tender breasts. I look down with a mixture of pride and dread at the silvery objects, knowing how thoroughly they confirm my subjugation.

While my husband has never intentionally employed the nipple-clamps simply to induce pain, we have had one or two accidents that proved just how agonizing they can be. Right now they are no more painful than a too-tight bra, but my pleasure in being dominated is heightened by the knowledge that my submissiveness can be cruelly enforced whenever necessary. Wearing the clamps is certainly exciting—and it is also a good reason to be both very cautious and **very** obedient.

He reaches out to snap the twin ends of a forked leash to my quivering breasts. I grit my teeth as he swings the leash around gently like a jump-rope, but it doesn't really hurt. I smile to myself: just knowing that I am to be controlled in this manner is enough to make me swoon with shameless pleasure.

Then he releases my elbows and removes the spreader bar from between my knees. I sigh with relief and swing my sheathed arms around briskly to get the muscles loose again. My hip joints and thigh muscles ache from the strain they have been under, but after a few minutes they feel fine and I am anxious for my husband's next orders.

He tells me that I will practice waddling for a while. Instead of crawling, I will have to balance on the balls of my bare feet and actually waddle duck-like wherever he leads me. This is an exceedingly difficult way to get about, even with my sheathed arms free to help keep my balance, but I can't argue with the leash.

The first time I try it, naturally, I tip over backwards and land with a thud. But he tugs softly at my leash and I hasten to try it again. This involves rolling onto one side, drawing my knees up against my breasts, and then shoving on over into a kneeling position so I can try to "stand up" once more. After two more falls I finally succeed, and manage to remain squatting only by vigorously waving my arms and knees about to help keep my balance, but I can't argue with the leash.

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With your ankles bound so tightly to your upper thighs, you have to swing your hips around energetically with each step—and then you move forward only two or three inches. The secret is to keep moving, for once you get the rhythm going it is easier to maintain your balance. I have the breast-leash to encourage me, of course, and soon my husband has me waddling along like Daisy Duck herself.

A fall simply means that I must get back into position as quickly as I can. My husband is patient but firm about it all and after a while I have mastered the art of waddling to the point where I can follow him anywhere. But it is such an exhausting form of locomotion that my physical arousal dies down and I begin to wonder why I'm being forced into such a tiring activity.

Soon, however, he lets me halt and rest in a kneeling position. While I am catching my breath, he will begin to excite me again—this time with his words. He stands above me, swinging my leash gently to remind me to answer promptly, and asks me questions.

"Are you helpless in your bondage?" "Yes, Master."

"It it exciting to know that I can do **anything** to your body?" "Oh, yes, Master!"

"Tell me about your bodystrap." "It cuts up into my pussy, Master . . . it is nice and tight, like an iron bar pressing in between my asscheeks and teasing my love-lips."

"And your breasts?" "The clamps make my nipples itch with passion, Master. My breasts ache for your strong fingers . . . the leash tells me that I am completely under your control."

The conversation goes on until I am writhing with excitement. I lust after the growing bulge in his trousers and twist my body in a frenzy of desire. But my husband has no intention of ending the sheath session so quickly, and again he frustrates my passions with an order to assume the crawling position once more.

"Let's see how quickly you can get upstairs," he says. I grimace at the prospect, for climbing the stairs in this bondage is nothing but hard work. However, I can't ignore his command so I obediently head for the stairway.

"Whoa, dummy!" he growls. "Look out for your leash." Sure enough, he has dropped the end of it and it is trailing back between my knees on the floor. If I were to put one knee on it and then move forward, it would give me a painful jerk at my breasts. "Pick it up in your mouth so you won't step on it."

Blushing with chagrin, I crawl backwards clumsily until the end of the leash drags on the floor beneath my head and then duck down to seize it between my teeth. Somehow, I enjoy the humiliation of having to gnaw at the rug in order to get a good bite on the leash. With it hanging foolishly from my mouth, I head for the stairs at a good clip since my knees are no longer hampered by the spreader bar.

Fortunately, the stairs are wide and carpeted. I get both elbows up to the second step and then swing my right knee wide to get it up onto the first step. Levering myself upward with my elbows, I manage to get the left knee up too, and then work my elbows higher in order to repeat the process. My husband makes sarcastic comments about my speed and agility, and threatens to take a lash to my wide-open crotch if I don't move faster. I am straining as hard as I can already, but his words spur me to greater effort and at last I am at the top of the stairs.

My arms and legs tingle with weariness, but I am given no rest. He takes the end of the leash from my mouth and leads me to the living room where, I assume, he has some more fun and games for me.

Shuddering with exhaustion, I find I am correct. He grins at me and announces a game of fetch-the-ball. To make this more interesting, he tells me to sit up so he can remove my breast-leash and instead fasten some tiny bells to my nipple-clamps that jingle with ridiculous gaiety. A high, suede-lined iron collar locks about my throat to provide anchorage for a different leash, and then he tosses a rubber ball to the other end of the room and orders me to "Fetch!"

(Continued on page 38)

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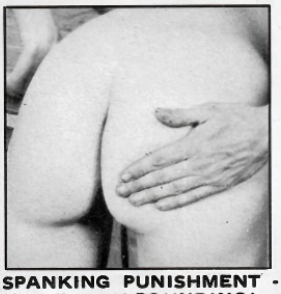
KITCHEN THRALL - Patty's stupid clumsiness leads her to a full day of BONDAGE TORTURES.
Reg. 8mm 205'

IT TOOK A THIEF - She steals her sisters cash - and pays it back as a BOUND in leather CAPTIVE!
Reg. 8mm 170'

TAMED BITCH - This foxy witch thought she'd tame the delivery boy - but in turn she's attacked BEYOND BELIEF!
Reg. 8mm 170'



SPANKING PUNISHMENT - Kneading and POUNDING her voluptuous ass like meat - he winds up the ritual with ropes!
Reg. 8mm 150'

FANTASY BOND. VOYAGE. Bound, suspended and naked, she becomes the feline of oily, MASSAGED DELIGHTS!
Reg. 8mm 145'

BONDAGE SHORTS No. 1 - Six wonderfully seductive, squirming women in stringent bondage of ALL variations!
Reg. 8mm 165'

BONDAGE SHORTS No. 2 - Ropes, STOCKS, plasticuffs, and shiny rubber are in store for FOUR SEXPOT MODELS!
Reg. 8mm 165'

SPANKING CHERRY ON THE BARE - He pulverizes her tasty red ass, and brings her to a BLISTERING CLIMAX!
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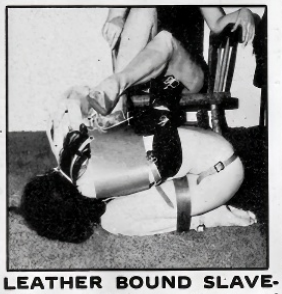
ESCAPE INTO RUBBER - Loving each other in the squirming suction of latex! Flowing soothing, WET and WILD!
Reg. 8mm 200'



LEATHER BOUND SLAVE-GIRL ; Lesbians - slave and master - servitude and ecstasy - BONDAGE & DISCIPLINE!
Reg. 8mm 160'

BONDAGE SHORTS No. 3 - Captured in the woods, tied to a cross, you name it, you'll find it with 5 lucious victims!
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BONDAGE SHORTS No. 4 - Claire, Candy, Tina, Ruthie & Linda all beg one thing - to ESCAPE - but they can't!
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BONDAGE VIGNETTES 1 - Moaning, groaning skirt raising adventures for 5 damsels in SEXUAL DISTRESS!
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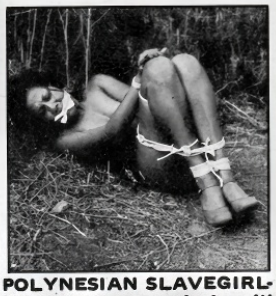
BOUND BABE IN THE WOODS - Trapped, captured & SPREAD EAGLED, she discovers the sexy side of nature!
Reg. 8mm 165'



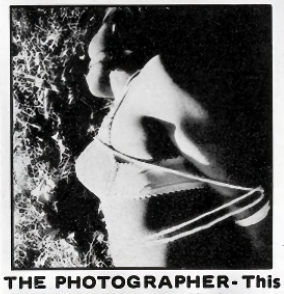
POLYNESIAN SLAVEGIRL - Nikki goes on a picnic with Jim and learns that she is the intended appetizer! - BOUND!
Reg. 8mm 160'

BONDAGE SHORTS No. 5 - Hot bondage and bizarre techniques drag these three ladies into total submission!
Reg. 8mm 165'

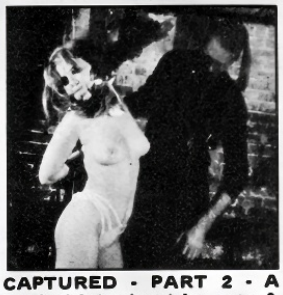
KIDNAPED! - Her panties in her mouth, her CROTCH SPLIT by ropes - A play-doll played with like never before.
Reg. 8mm 205'

CAPTURED - PART 1 - An erotic dancer tries her best to escape his PERVERTED MIND and STRONG ROPES!
Reg. 8mm 210' Super 8 235'

LOVE BOUND - Leather, latex, chains, straps, ropes, and of course, four luscious beauties in WILD action bondage!
Reg. 8mm 165'



THE PHOTOGRAPHER - This is one cameraman that more than enjoys his craft! And his bound model CAN'T escape!
Reg. 8mm 180'



CAPTURED - PART 2 - A masked intruder strips, gags, & suspends. this baby doll, and FORCES her to DANCE!
Reg. 8mm 170'

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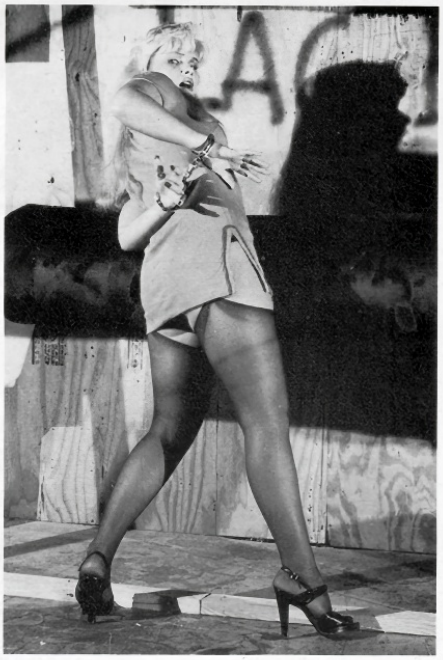


A NEWLY BOUND FRIEND

Rhoda Dexter walked slowly through her carpet warehouse, her blonde head down as though dejected, her long hair hanging almost to where her light orange mini-dress nipped in to emphasize the slimness of her waist in contrast to her full breasts and her elliptical hips. She trudged toward the carpet rack at the rear. Her hands were handcuffed behind her back!

Rhoda loved bondage, but as the owner of a lucrative remodeling business and a social figure in the city, she had to keep her bizarre impulses quiet. Now, with the place closed, she could put on her cuffs and walk about as though captured.

Suddenly she heard a noise. Startled, she whirled around to see Les Duer, her sales manager.

"Very nice," he said and whistled softly, "and those cuffs look good on you." Les was a few inches taller than Rhoda's five feet six, well built and handsome. He had the kind of personality that makes a good sales manager.

She held her chained hands out to him. "Oh, Les, I'm so glad you came. I was afraid they were coming back. They grabbed me and put these handcuffs on me and..."

"Shut up!" he said. "Those are your own irons. I found them in the back of your desk drawer weeks ago. I wondered why you spent so much time here," he smiled. "Now I know."

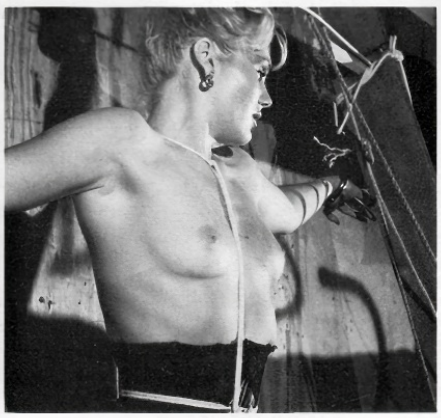
"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Same as you. I'm into bondage, too," he replied, taking her arm and pressing her cunt against a bolt of carpeting. "You've got the nicest derriere I've ever seen," and he patted her well rounded rear. Just to keep her in position, he attached cuffs to her ankles and roped them to the supports. "I thought you might want the rest of your recreational equipment," he explained while fettering her.

Although exasperated by his insolence, Rhoda could do nothing to prevent his fervent fondling of her backside. His hands and mouth laved her buttocks until she was getting horny.

"Now, my boss lady," he said, having swung her out facing him, her behind against the fabric, "we come to one of the first delights of bondage, the sensation of total helplessness. I'm going to leave you here like this until you get so lonesome you'll do anything I ask."

"Les! Wait!" she called, but he strode purposefully toward the door and she heard it slam. Should she call for help? And have the whole town know about her? She waited. Her arms began to ache. Oh, Les, Les. Please come back!



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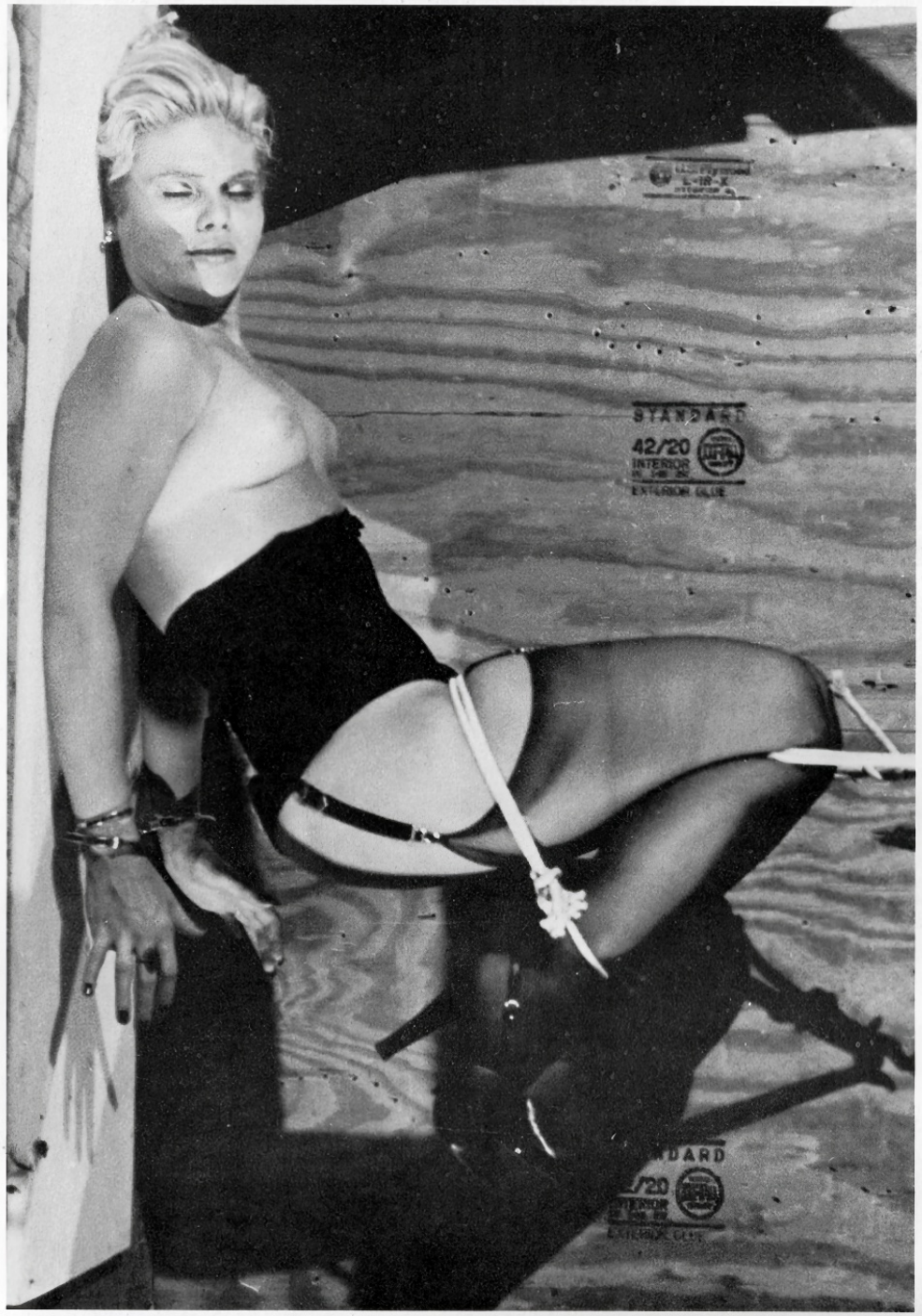
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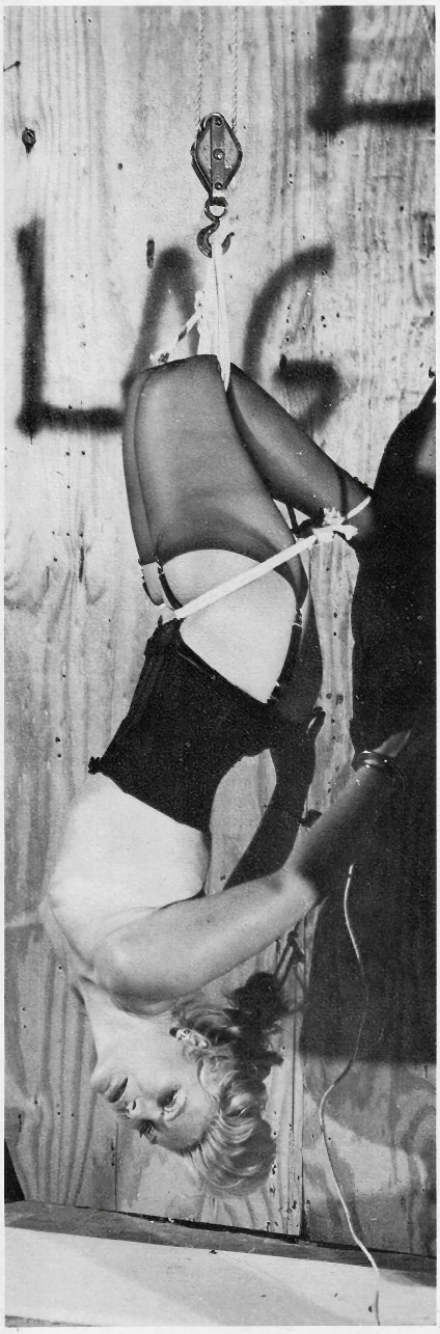
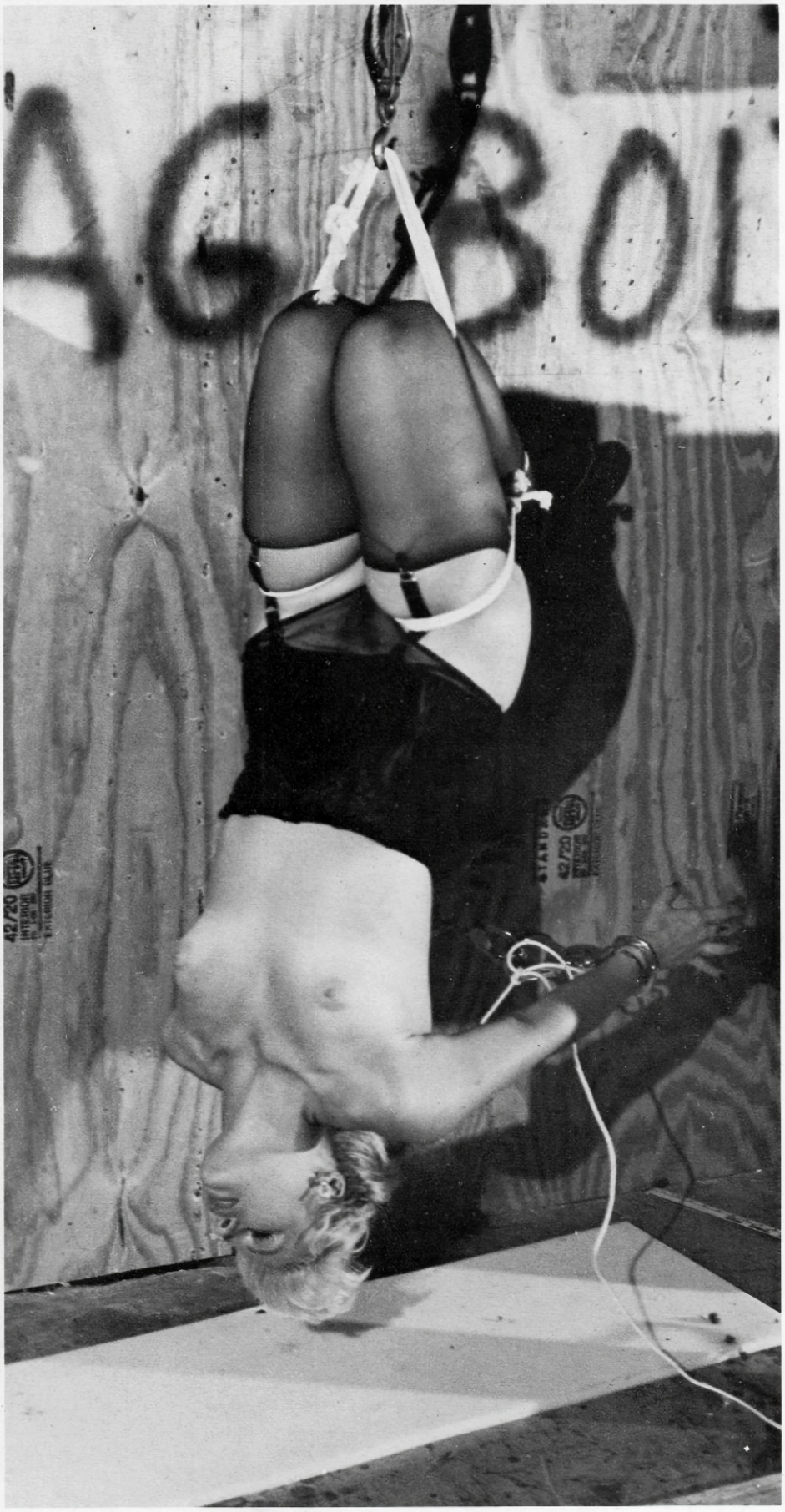
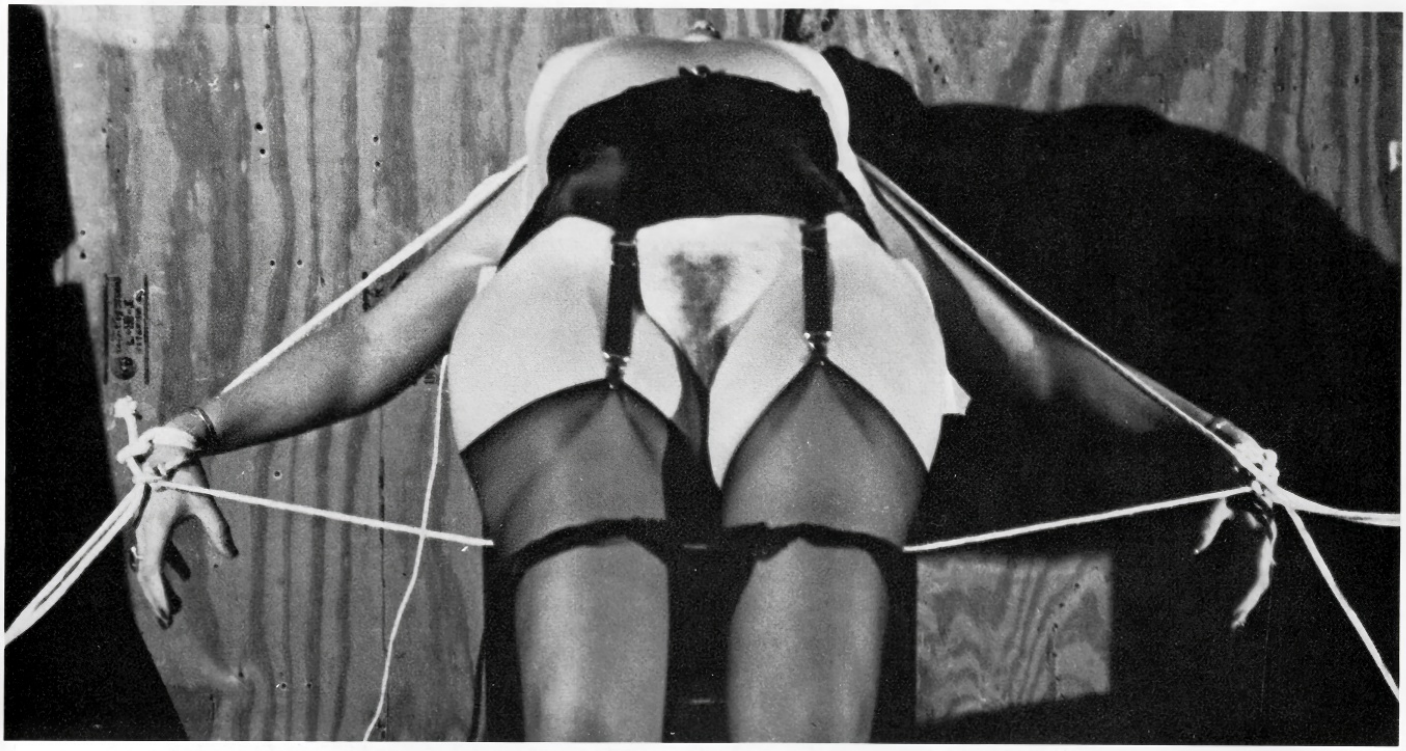




She was weeping silently when he returned. "I'll do anything. I'll go to bed with you," she pledged as he opened her restraints.

"Naturally," he accepted her surrender, "we'll do that after we have some more fun."

Rhoda had only imagined the ecstasies of bondage. Now she enjoyed them fully. He spread her out and tied her hair. She knew the wild psychological ferment of being a man's defenseless plaything, sometimes hogtied, sometimes being chained into a subjugated ball, to be swung by her knees while he stung her breasts with the end of a rope.



When at last he positioned her across a desk, some foam padding under her back, she was grateful for the hard hot stick of him as it drove into her body.

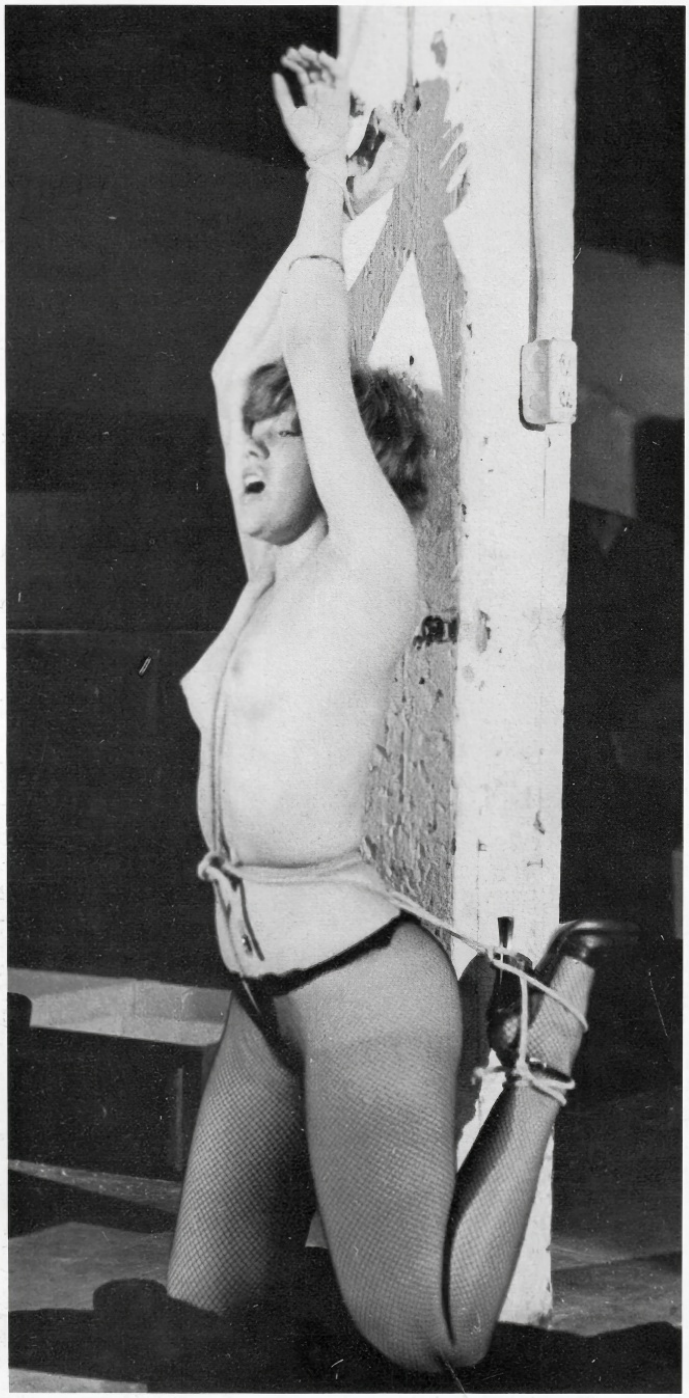
WOUND - UP WIMPERING BITCH

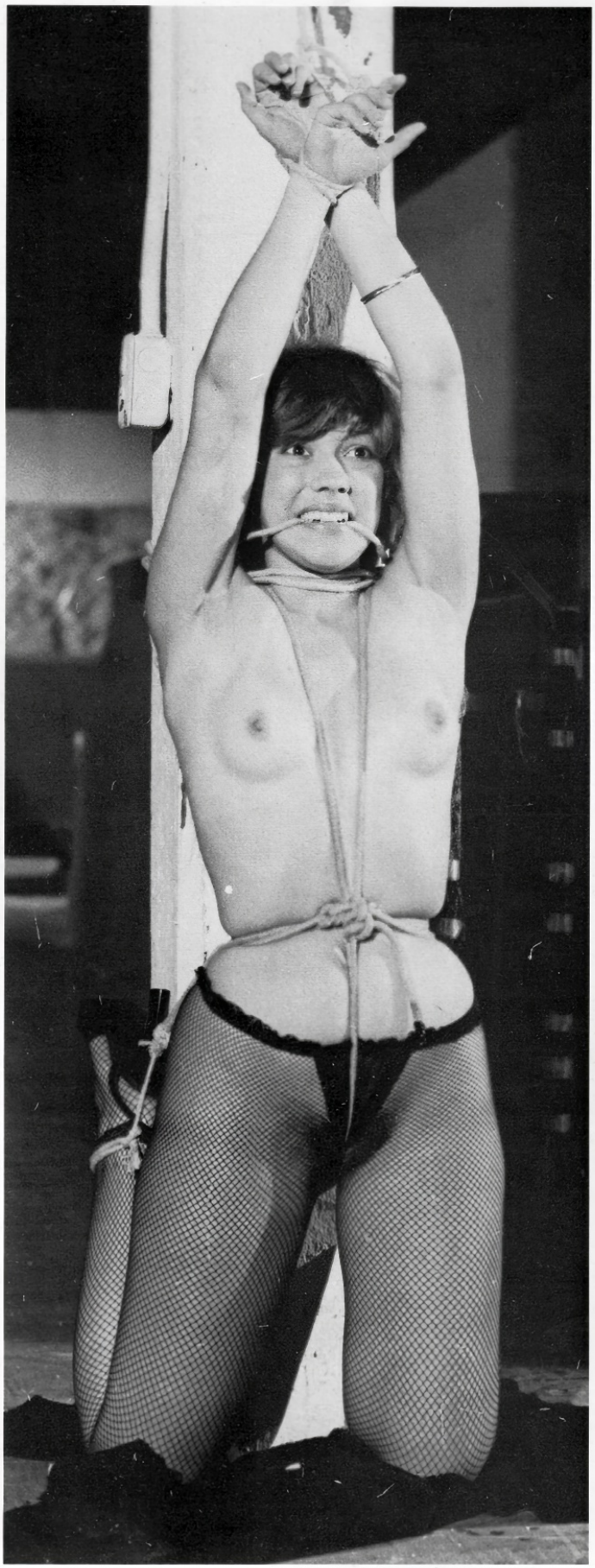
Ruth was twenty-eight, but she looked like a kid. The Mexican truck drivers called her Chica. There was more to her though. She was a teaser.

She came down to shipping in her black mini-dress once when I was ready and she watched the truck leave, knowing the guys were hard up for her.

I didn't have to go with that load, so I put my mask on and grabbed her from behind. Twisting her arms behind her, I roped her wrists quickly and cruelly, letting her cry in anguish as the rope cut into her soft flesh. Then I drew her arms up, attaching her wrist rope to the pillar.

When she tried to kick me, I caught her ankle and tied it to her waist. Repeating with the other ankle, I had her on her knees. Changing her wrist bonds, I tied her hands over her head. Her dress fell from her in shreds during the scuffle, leaving her in a pair of net pantyhose.

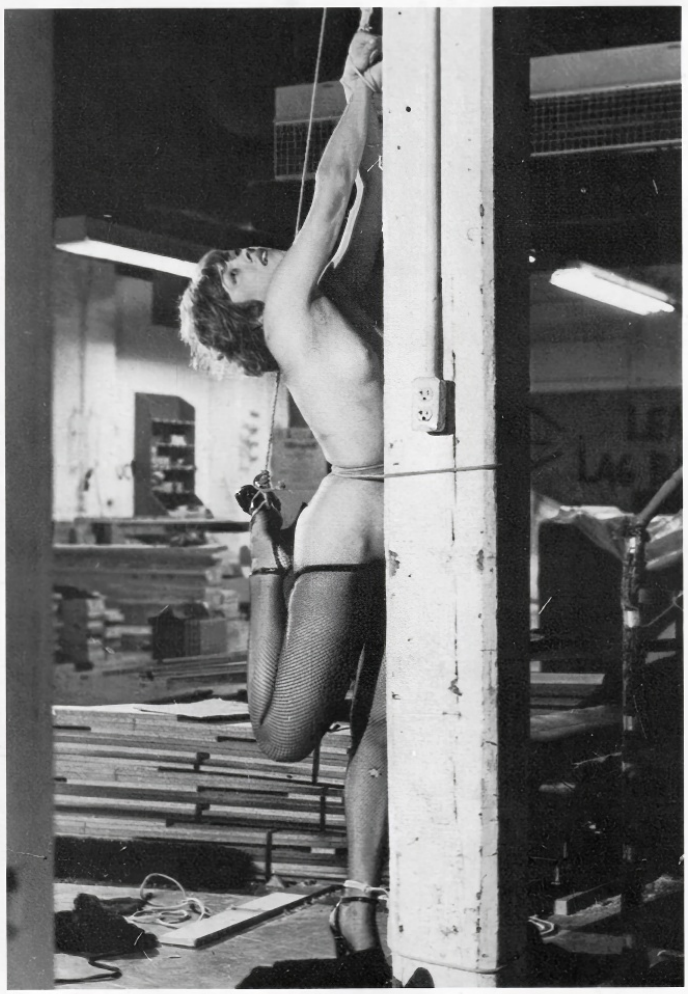


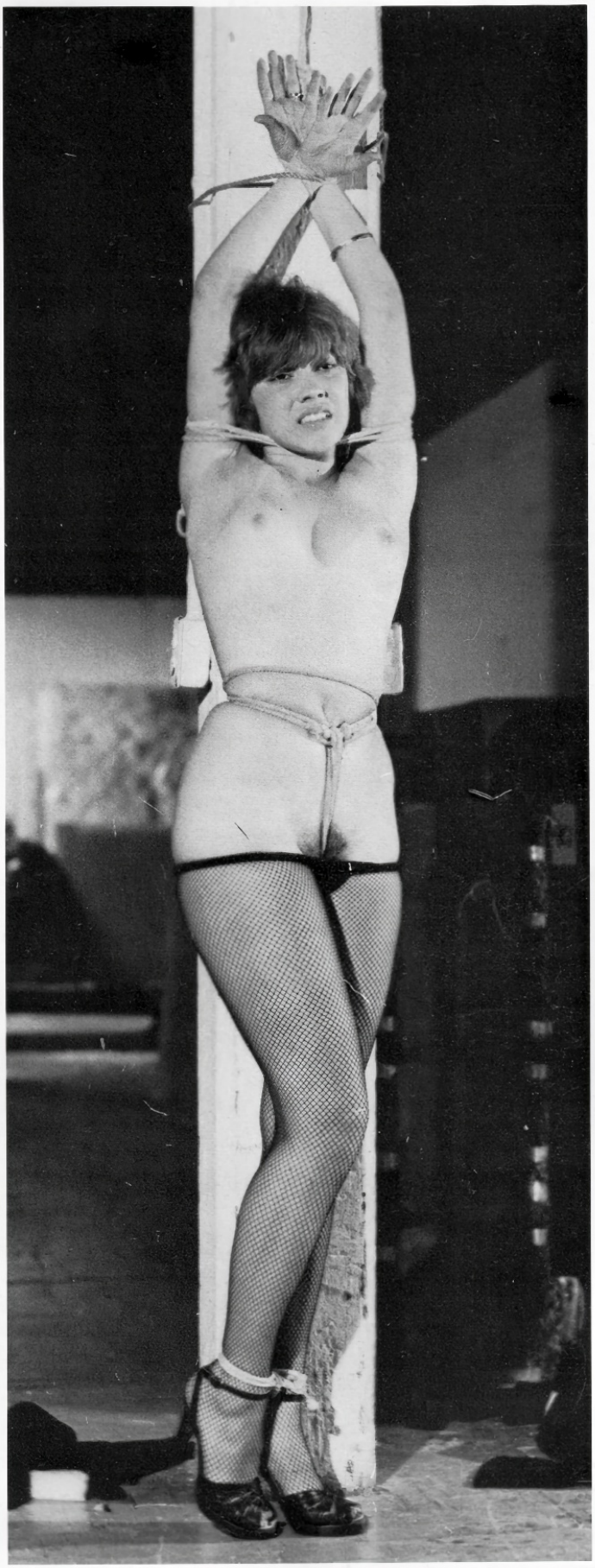


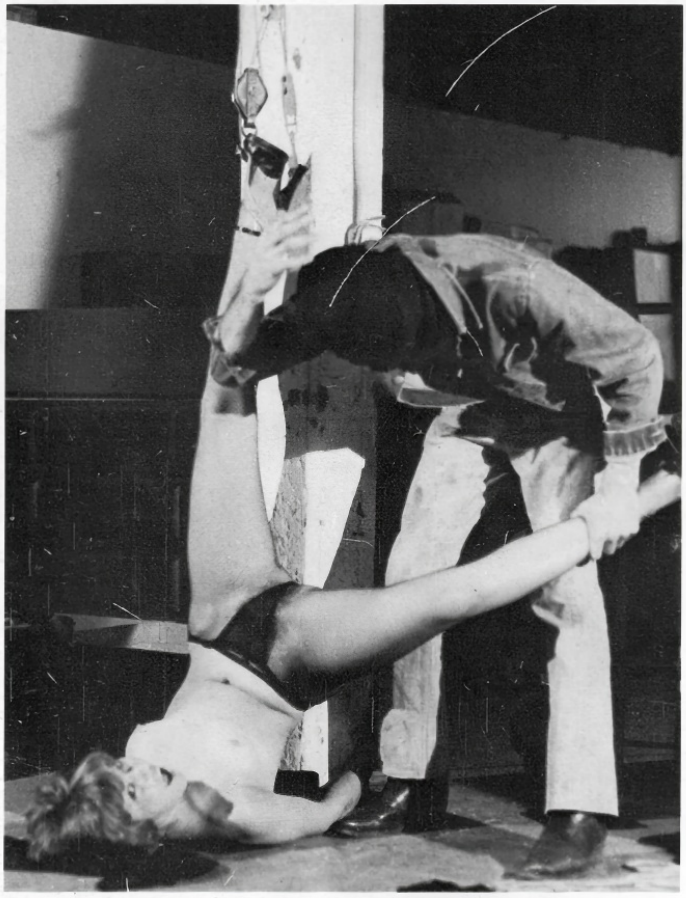
Now her months of teasing paid off to me, as soon as I could pause to enjoy the pleasure of capturing her. She was fabulously nubile, a creature made for fucking. Her body was slender and just muscular enough to make it very seductive.

The ropes enhanced her beauty by rendering her so delightfully vulnerable. I altered her position each time I became accustomed to the titillating feel of her flesh...up on one leg, then lashed up against the post with a rope through the crack of her cunt. I only moved her pantyhose down far enough for the rope to get through, and I worked two fingers around the cord and into her sweet cooze.

She moaned when my fingers explored the soft avenue of ecstasy. "I hope you can put something else in there," she whispered.



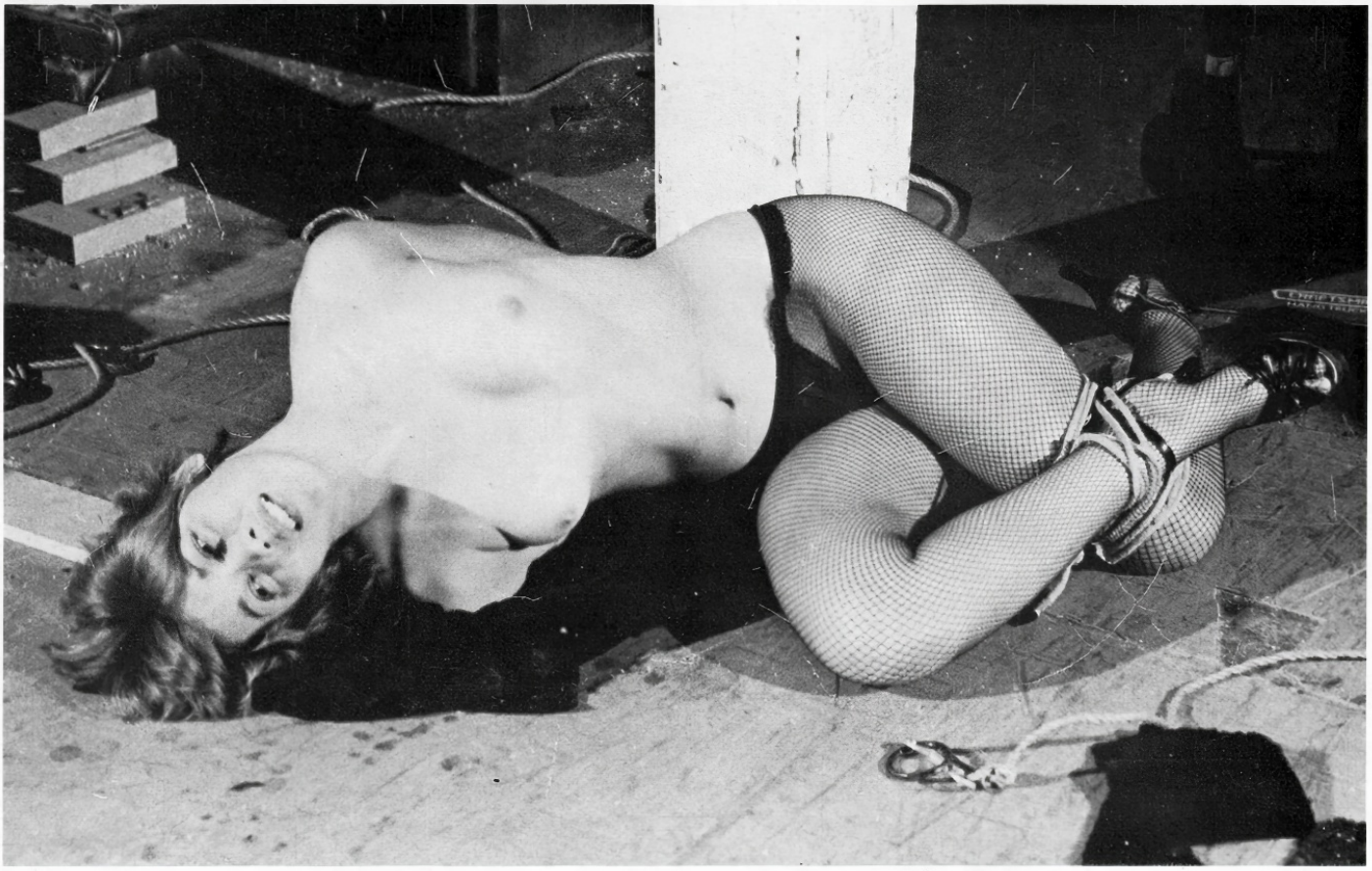


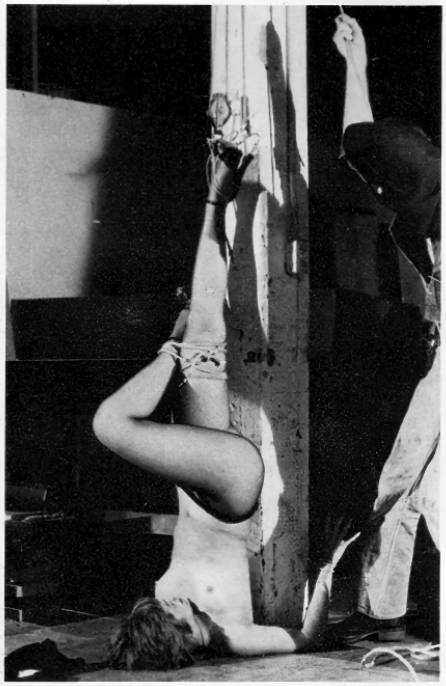


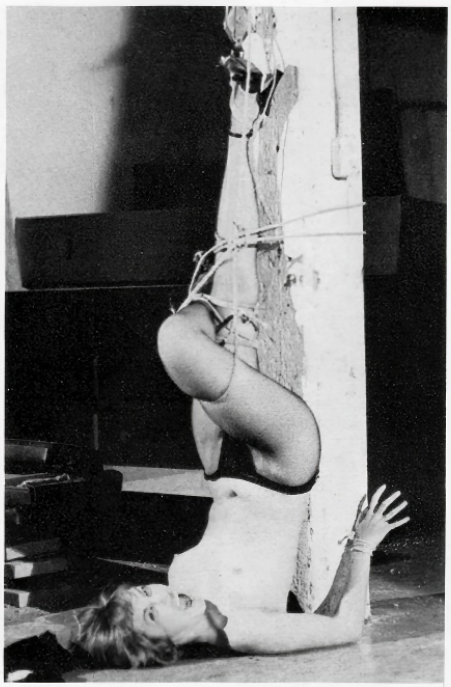
I took her off and tied her hands behind her back with a short cord. Just enough to keep her restrained, and give her the tantalizing hope of escape. I had expected her to be contrite. Instead, her arrogance returned.

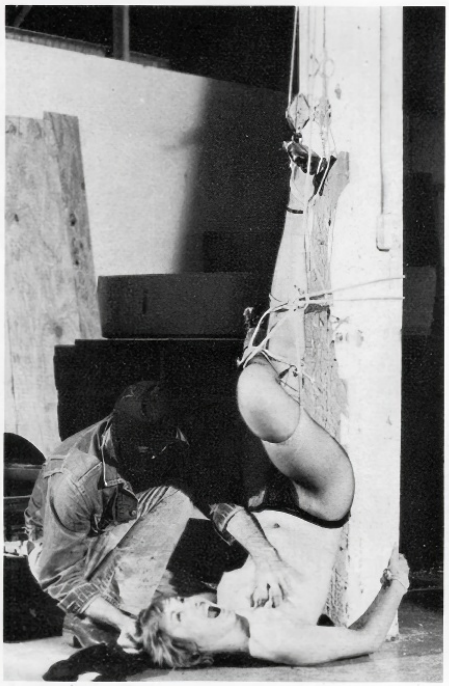
"Don't have it, have you?" she taunted almost unmindful that she was still tied up, however slightly.

I knocked her down, tied one leg to the post and, holding the other out, backhanded her snatch with my right hand until she cried. I caressed it then, speaking gently to her, because I was sorry I had hurt her in my anger. Tying her ankle to her knee, I left her lying on the cold tiles while I explained how she was affecting all of us.



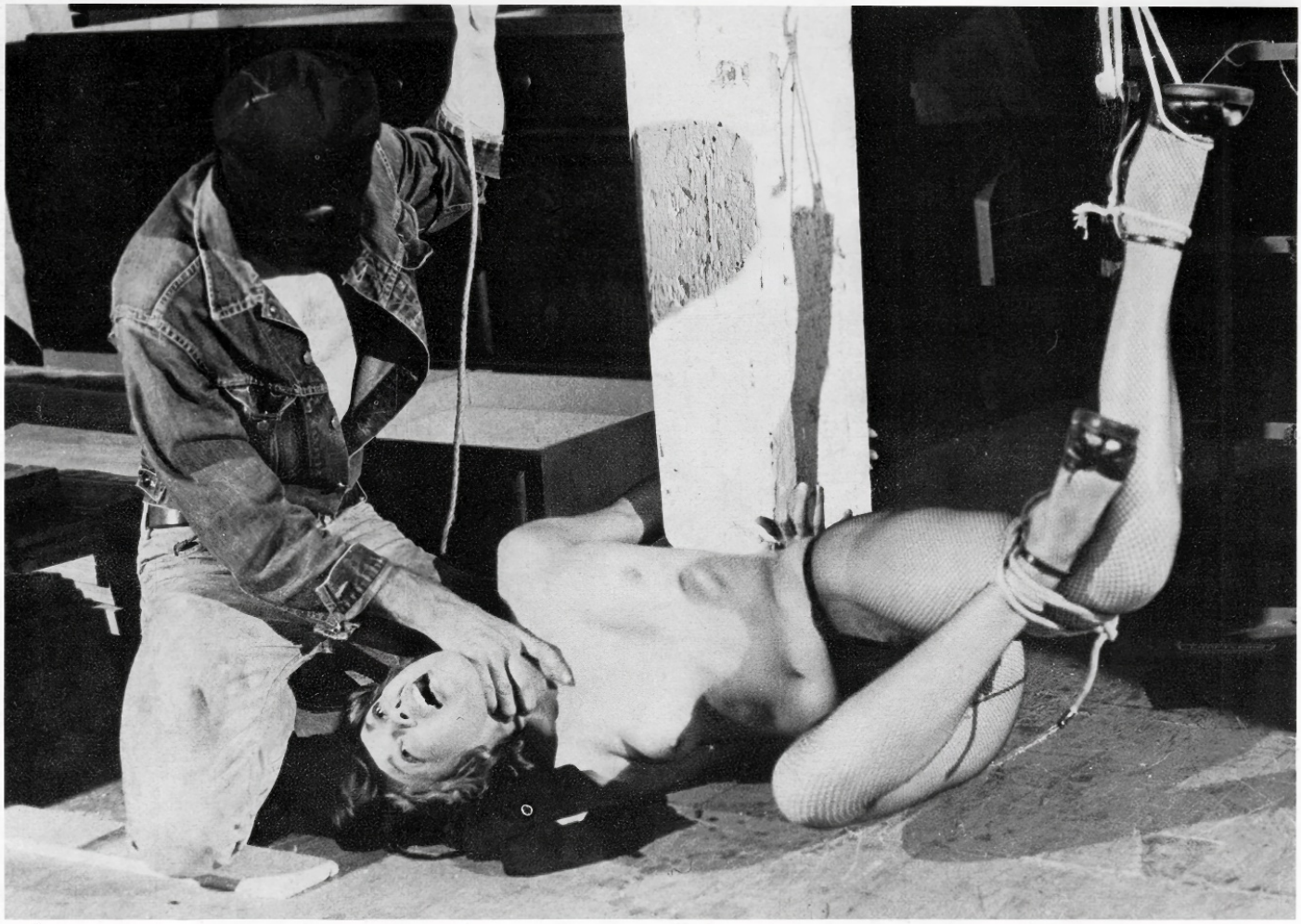






"You guys are a bunch of horny bastards to begin with," she started, and I slapped her.

There was no use in trying to argue with her. I put her through a series of strains, lashing her upside down to the pillar and working her flesh until I was unable to stand it any longer. I spread her out and took my revenge.



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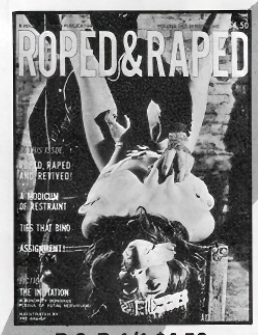

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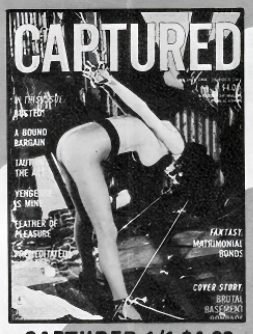

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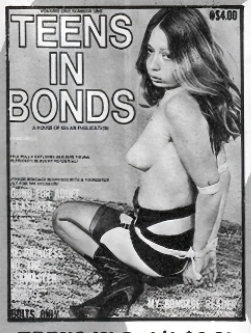

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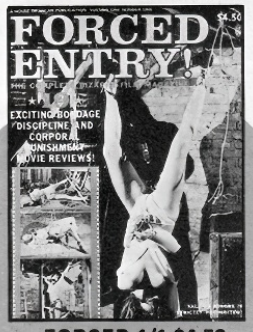

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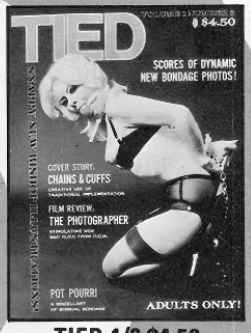

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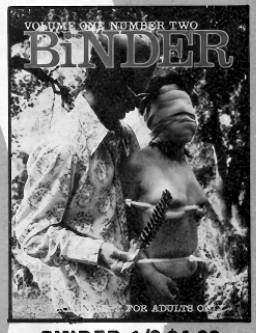

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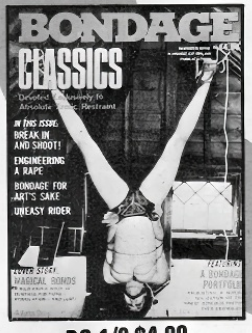

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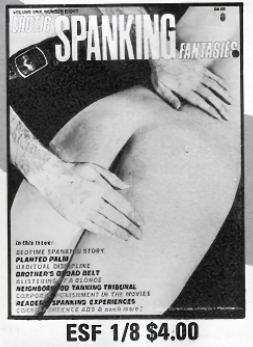

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(Continued from page 16)

The ball bounds around crazily while I am crawling after it, and finally comes to rest beneath an end-table. The only way I can get it is to lie flat on my stomach and worm my way under the table. This at least muffles the silly bells on my breasts, but it is hellishly difficult to capture the ball. The thing is just a bit too big for me to grasp easily in my mouth, so I am forced to press my open jaws down over it until it pops inside them—and then I am quite effectively gagged as I work my way back to a crawling position and return it to my husband.

"Drop it!" he orders, as though he were talking to a dog. I can't get it out of my mouth, though, and have to whine pathetically before he will do the job for me. Unfortunately, this reminds him of a gag. He orders me to sit up while he gets one. I voice my dislike of this idea, but it only makes him select a more uncomfortable gag.

He comes back with a special tongue-clamp and holds it up for my reluctant inspection. It is like a pear-gag, but made of hard rubber with a special groove between its hinged halves. My tongue fits into this when it is inserted into my mouth, and is trapped securely when the two halves close as the head-straps are tightened. The straps go beneath my chin and over my head as well as around it, so that when they are securely buckled I am not only utterly silenced but it feels as though my head is in a giant vise.

Once the horrid thing is in place, I feel twice as helpless as before. Now I can only hum or grunt my feelings, and can't really communicate at all. Worse, he is getting more excited himself and may try things that are **really** too much for me—and I can't let him know. I twist my head frantically to warn him of my fears, but he only laughs.

Then he orders me to the elbows-and-knees position again and proceeds to fasten a strap from the top of my head-harness to the back of my corselet, pulling my head back until I am staring straight ahead of me. Confirming my fears, he announces that I am to be his "wheelbarrow." He steps behind me, grabs one knee in each arm, and leaves me resting my entire weight on my elbows. He pushes forward so that I must "walk" along on my poor, doubled arms, and in this fashion he forces me into the bedroom at the far end of the hall.

Although my body throbs with the strain, I can sense that the evening's climax is near. After we are in the bedroom, he lets my legs down and tells me to sit up. With my headstrap still in place, I am forced to stare up at the ceiling for an uncomfortable moment before he removes it. And then I am surprised when he also removes my nipple-clamps. I raise my eyebrows in question.

He says nothing, but squats before me and begins to tease and fondle my heaving breasts. He soon has them excited to exquisite sensitivity once more as his expert fingers manipulate my burning nipples to bursting hardness. Then he begins to whisper to me how lovely and desirable I am in my bondage. I writhe passionately in response and hum loudly through my nostrils as my desires mount even higher.

But **then** he says that I must climb up onto our bed by myself if I want him to make love to me! This is almost the ultimate in cruelty, but I am so worked up by now that I am frantic to obey him. Almost sobbing with eagerness, I crawl eagerly over to the bed. Close to it, I sit back on my haunches and rest my elbows on the top of the bed. Then I raise myself to my knees, shove my torso farther onto the bed, and try desperately to get one knee up.

The task is almost impossible . . . I slip off and fall several times, moaning continually through my gag . . . but at last I manage to get my upper body far enough onto the bed so I can at last swing one thigh up over the edge and then the other.

Panting with anticipation, I lie face-down for a moment. Hastily, my husband strips and then helps me roll over onto my back in the center of the bed. But then I groan piteously in frustration as I see that he has yet more straps for me. My pleading moans have no effect as he fastens my elbows together in front of me and pulls them up so that my head is clamped between my upper arms. A strap to the head of the bed holds them there, and more straps from my knees pull my thighs wide apart.

Perhaps he will take me like this. I am arching and bucking under the lash of physical desire, certain that he will satisfy my commanding needs in a moment. But after he unfastens my bodystrap I am horrified to discover that he has no intention of penetrating me right away.

Instead, I give a nasal shriek of despair as he dangles a tube of itching ointment teasingly above my face. I strain helplessly against my bonds as he slowly smears the terrible salve over my throbbing breasts and between my widespread thighs. Then I seem to go out of my mind . . . the hideous burning itch of the salve sets my bosoms afire and turns my pussy into a spasming nest of passion-flames. I arch my body desperately under the maddening stimulus and hear my moans become a continuous, high-pitched hum.

He chuckles hungrily at my distress and then sets to work with his mouth and fingers to increase my excruciating agony still more. His tongue tantalizes my rigid nipples while his devilish fingers thrust and tickle at my passion-mound until I feel my cunt writhing with a demanding life of its own. My hips thrust fiercely against his elusive touch while my thighs quiver with need.

After the fires within me are white-hot and every part of my bondaged body seems merely an extension of my twitching love-tunnel, he mounts me at last. As soon as I feel that marvelous engine of flesh ram into me, I stiffen utterly. A golden, whirling, thudding, gasping climax engulfs me immediately and I know it will last forever.

I am brutally invaded, savagely battered, and every second of my endless triumph is precious beyond measure. My husband wrings every drop of pleasure from my shuddering body and I give it willingly, rolling my hips to squeeze still more joy into our coupling and seeking greedily for even more. Images of my own helplessness and humiliation flicker through my mind to enhance my pleasure while he hammers more rapidly at my loins.

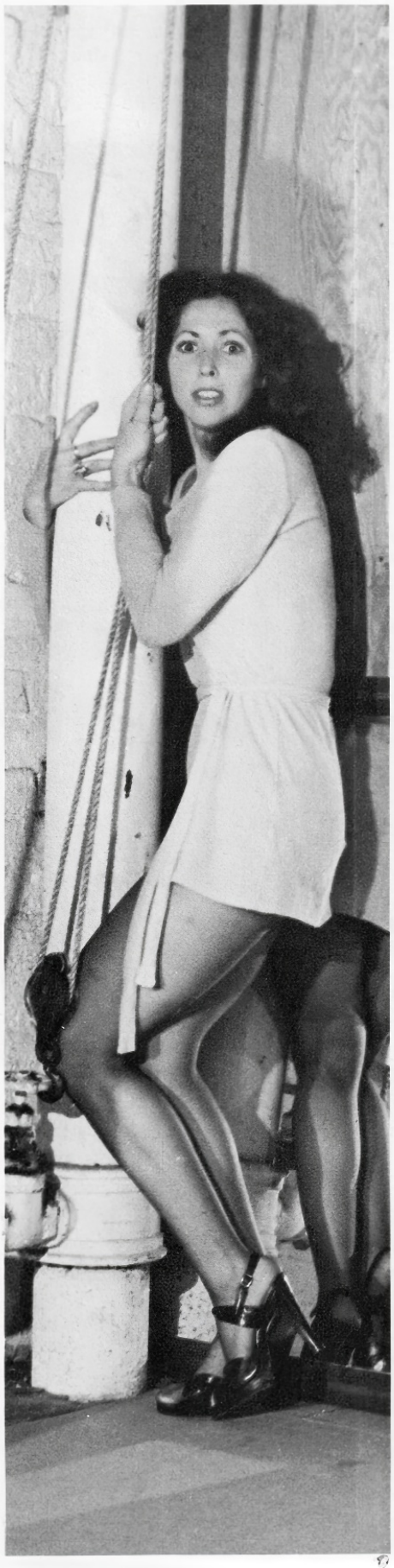
At last, his "AAHHH . . ." of pleasure signals that he has joined me in the high stratosphere of total climax and together we shudder in the ultimate ecstasy.

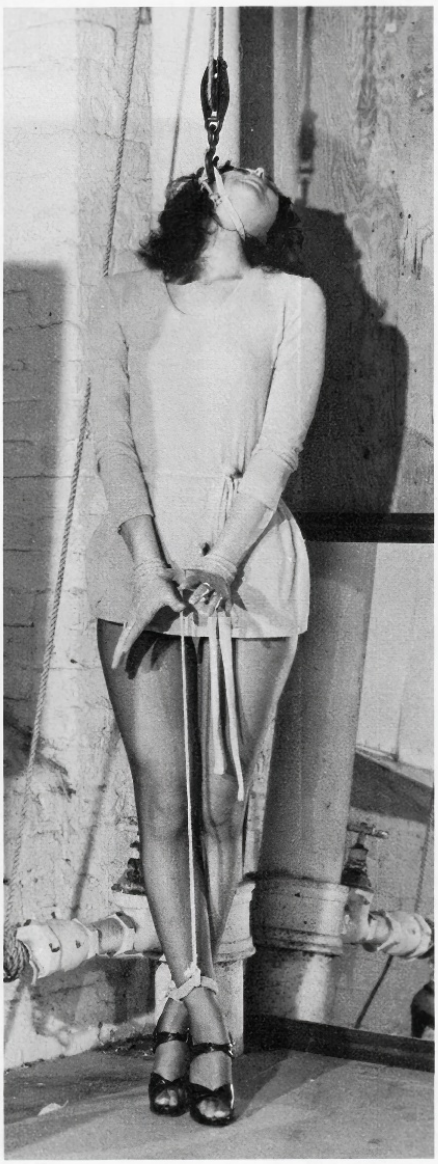
After what seems an eternity in this throbbing, thundering heaven, Mark slowly withdraws. My body gradually relaxes, even though the dear itching in my loins and breasts reminds me that my passions will require further quenching before the night is over. I stretch, tensing my muscles against the commanding embrace of my wonderful sheaths, and moan my contentment with this stringent bondage.

I open my eyes to look at my husband as he dresses. Dominance shines in his eyes. I give a wriggle of silent appreciation as I note the stern expression on his face. Already, he is planning something new for me.

I nod vigorously when he murmurs, "More?"

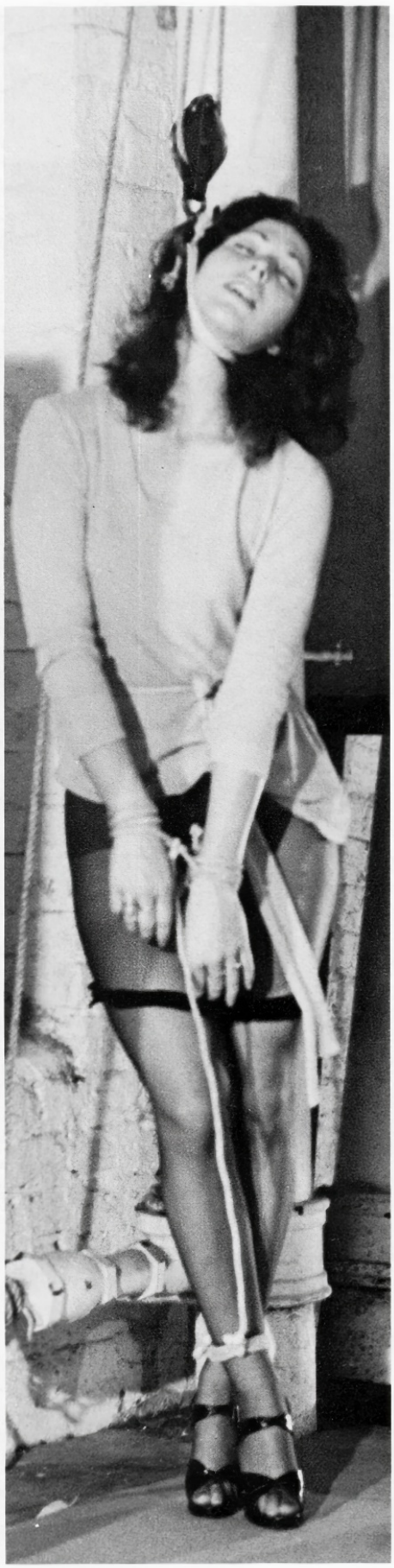
REFLECTIONS ON RESTRAINT





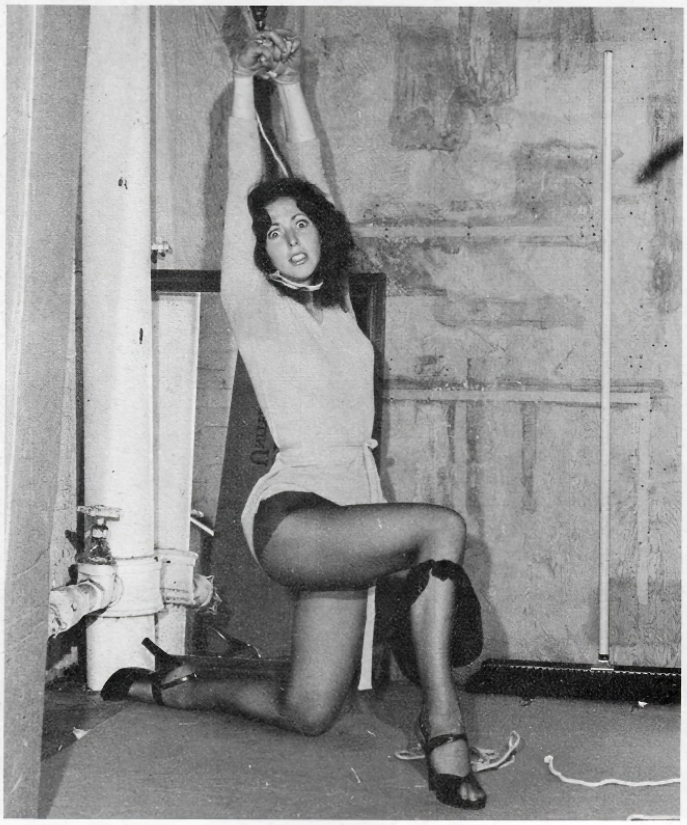
I wanted her to feel it right down to the marrow of her bones, to know the titillating frustration of being an abject captive with only the hope of giving sexual gratification as a means of survival, but with no expectation of enjoying it.

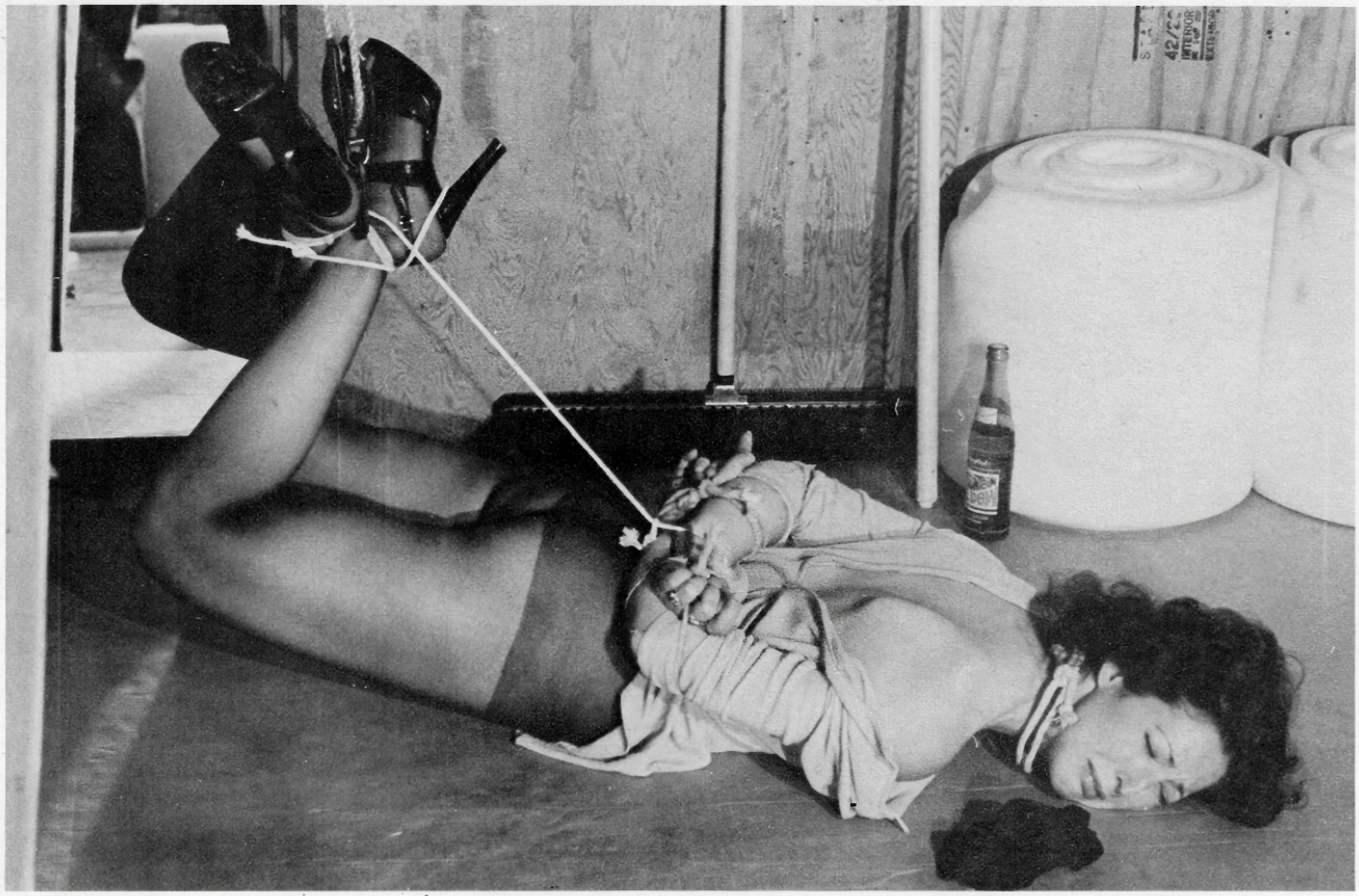
Shirley was her name. Her father owned the warehouse where I had her tied, her wrists on a line to her ankles and a rope around her neck to keep her up. The rope was looped, not in a noose, so there was little danger of strangulation, and I let her wait for a couple of hours while I admired the curves of her ass and thighs in a mirror I had put there.



My amusement fading, I removed the neck restraint and pulled her feet from under her, letting her fall on her ass, before attaching her hands to a pulley. You should have seen the look of surprise and pain on her face! She tried to brazen it out when I untied her feet and pulled her black panties down.

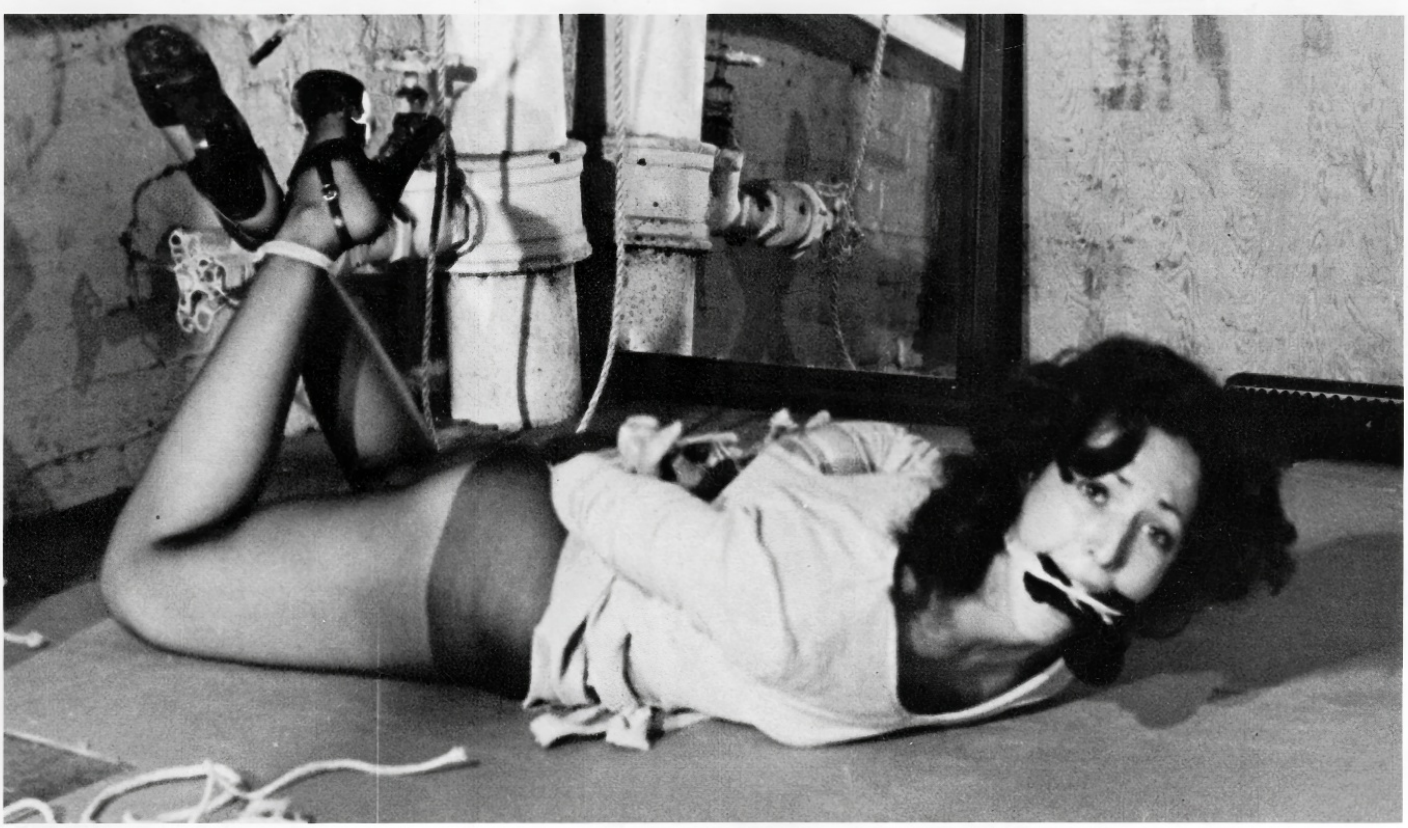
"Is this all you want? To molest some helpless girl?" she started. I wasn't impressed. Up she went, with her feet tied by her panties, and I left her there while I watched a television show on a little set I had brought along. Bondage takes time and a guy needs something for relaxation. A girl has to soak in her bonds to get the real thrills. I wanted to bring Shirley to the brink of orgasm and hold her there while I went in and got my own ejaculation.





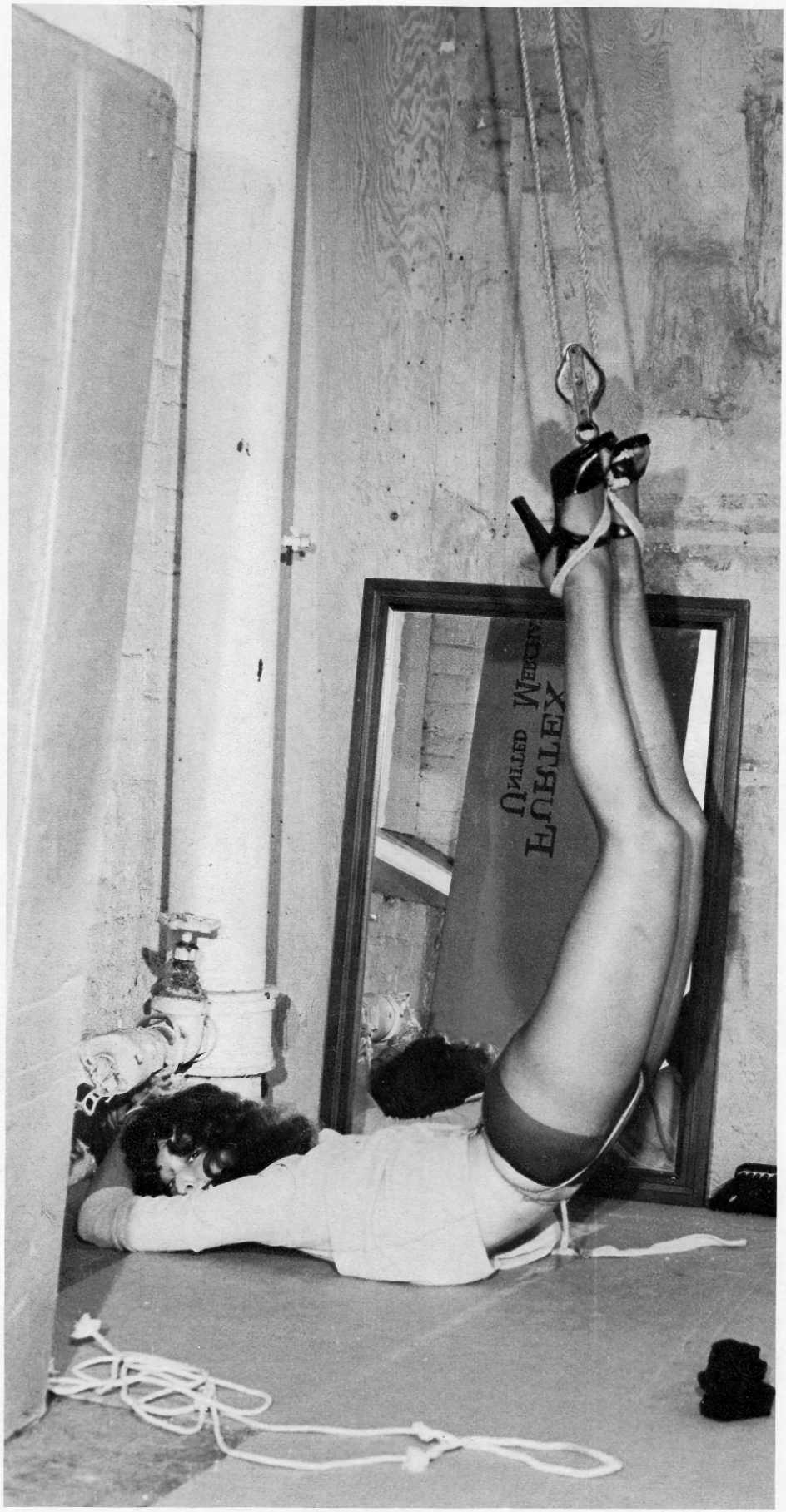
I let her off the pulley and, while she stood with her hands bound, I slapped her face with each hand and then knocked her down. While she was on the floor I switched the ropes to behind her back.

She screamed in anger and frustration until she got tired and began to cry. I almost felt sorry for her, she looked so pitiful all tied up like that, but when I put my hand on her shoulder she returned to her usual defiant self. I stuffed her panties into her mouth and cinched them in. I let her roll around, trying to shame me with her eyes.



After a session of having her arms hauled up, she was ready to go on her knees and I began preparing her for my pleasure. The weighted rope through her crotch was a delight when my swinging the weight made the rope undulate in her box. I waited until her eyelids started to flicker before I stopped the movement and wiped her face with a cold rag to make her lose her edge.

Binding her wrists to a pipe, I brought her feet high, until she was suspended. I let her swing around to see herself in the mirror while I told her what was going to happen next.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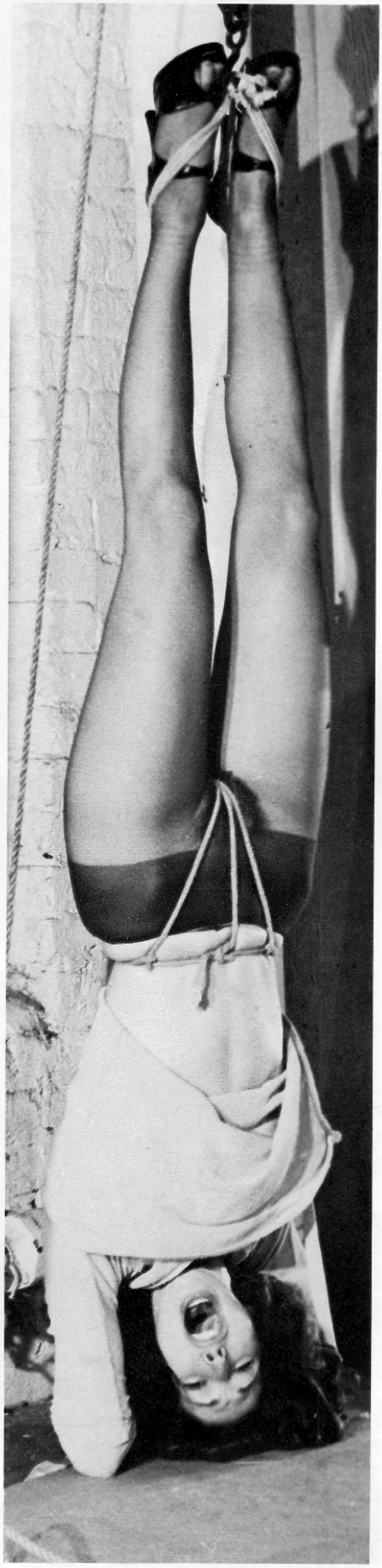


HANG HER IN THE HANGAR

The old hangar out on an abandoned airstrip was spooky enough when I opened the big door that night on the way to my office to pick up some letters I had forgotten to mail. We make huge display signs, so the boss bought that unused airplane hangar as a studio.

Well, just as I got the door unlocked I felt something hard in my back.

"Don't move!" a husky voice warned and a hand took my keys. "All right, get in there," he ordered, shoving me into the dark hangar. I heard him fumbling along the wall until he found the light switch.

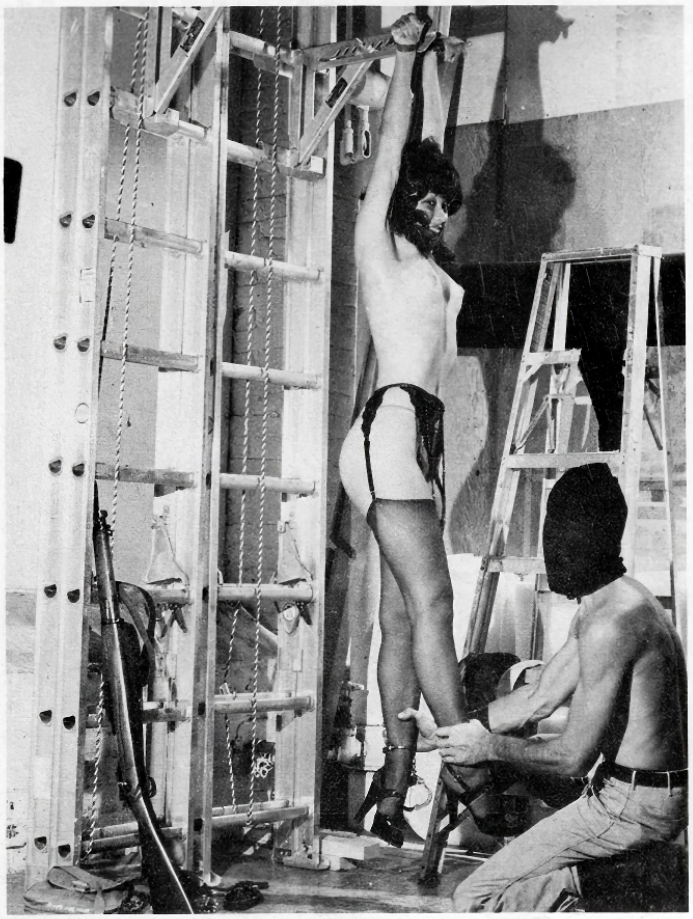
"Hands behind you," he demanded. I obeyed and felt the hard, cold caress of handcuffs ratcheting down on my wrists.

Silently he searched my handbag. He was wearing pants and combat boots. No shirt. Oh, yes. He had a black mask over his face, and a rifle in his hand.

I was acutely aware of my danger, but I tried to be calm. I asked him who he was and what he was doing. No answer except a couple of hostile grunts. He walked me to the ladder, where he calmly ripped my dress right off! I screamed in fright and anger. I could hear him chuckle behind that mask. He slapped me across the face and grabbed my unprotected breasts, which made me scream louder.

I must have gotten hysterical, because I remember the next few hours as a series of cloudy incidents, through which came a piercing sound...my shrieks of pain and resentment.

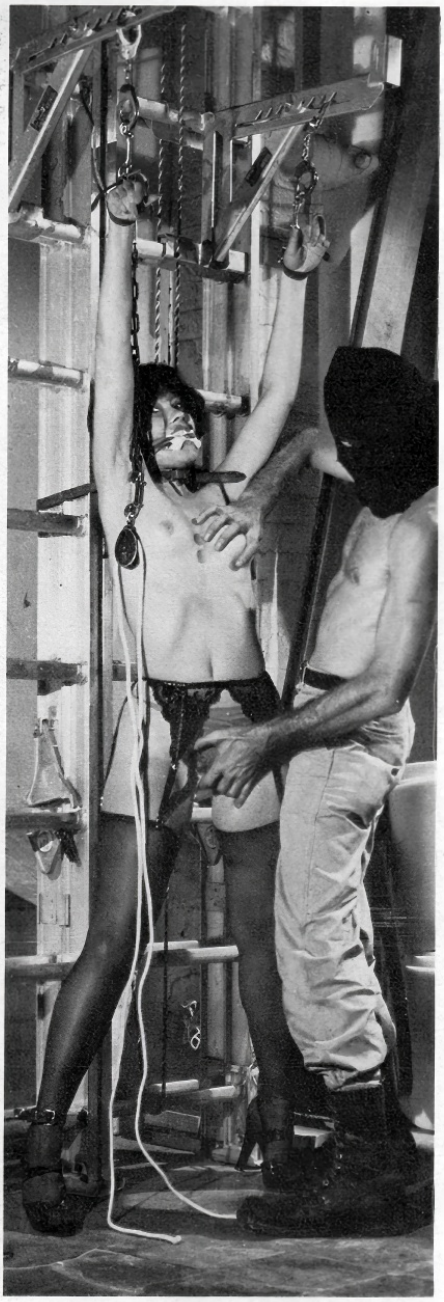
He strapped my wrists to an overhead rack and made me stand on a folding ladder until he kicked it back so I swung by my arms painfully.



His hairy arms and hands were all over me and the strong scent of his perspiration permeated the air, somehow driving me to greater vocal efforts.

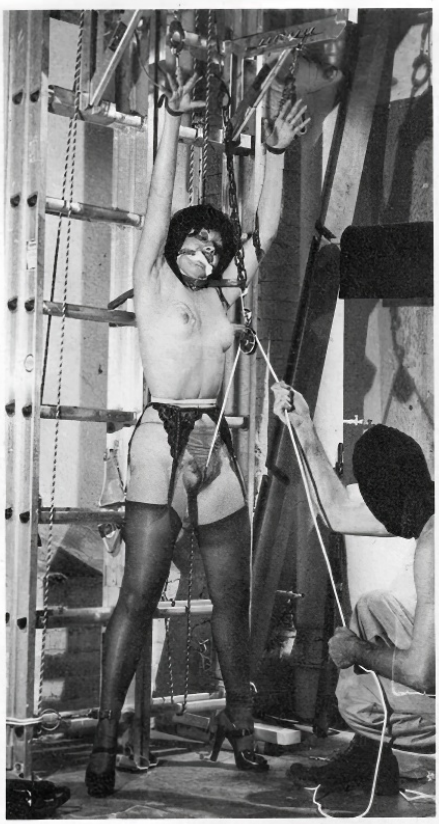
"What an ass!" he exulted possessively, rubbing my soft skin with his powerful fingers. Once I had a clear, lucid moment when his marauding digits found and explored my pussy! For one delirious moment I stopped shouting.

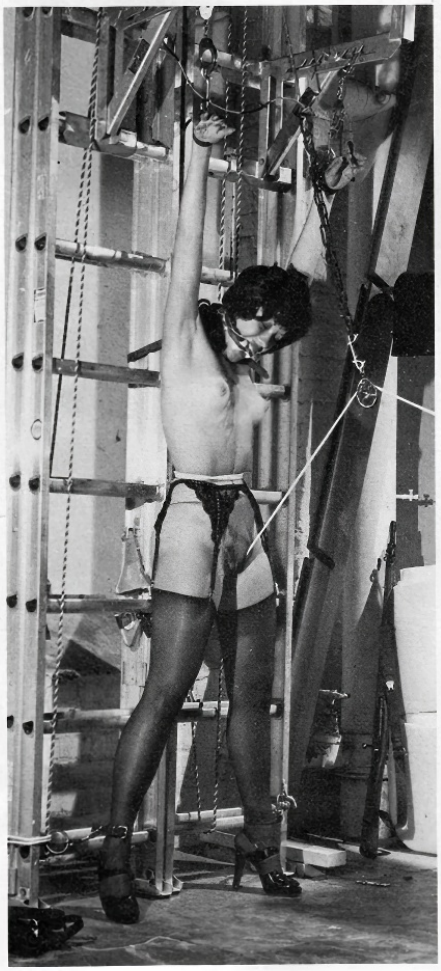
But he wanted me to scream. He kept fastening me into painful positions and hitting me when I slowed down. But at last he had heard enough!



He gagged me with a white cellulose sponge and a necktie. Then, when he had me totally helpless...not even able to do more than groan, he fixed a rope up through my crotch and up to a pulley with a weight on the other end. When he swung the weight, the pressure on the rope changed, giving me the most exquisite undulating sensation. Then I couldn't have yelled if he took off the gag.

The fog I was in cleared and my attention turned towards my vulva while that rope teased it. Then he tied the end to my left ankle, giving me the choice of when to increase the tension on my twat.





I couldn't help it! I smiled at the wonderful sensation I could give myself!

"Keep on fingering yourself and I'll give you the rest of it," he said.

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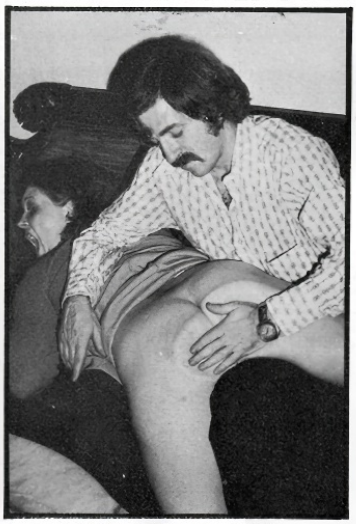

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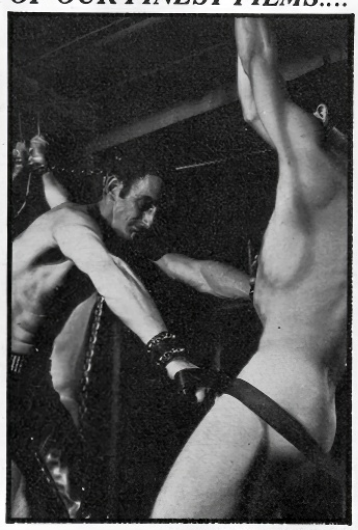

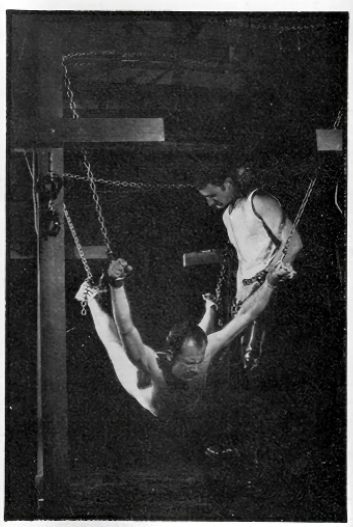

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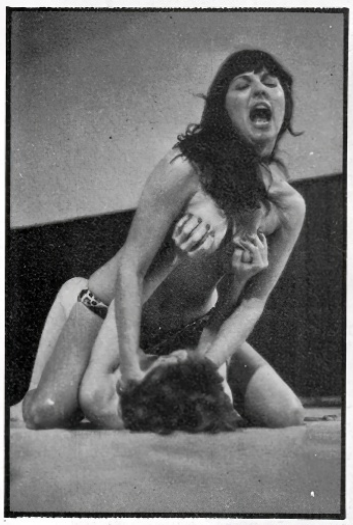

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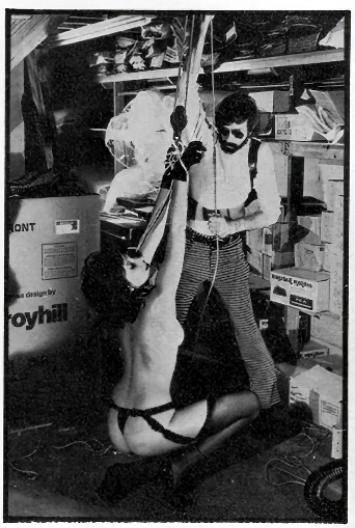

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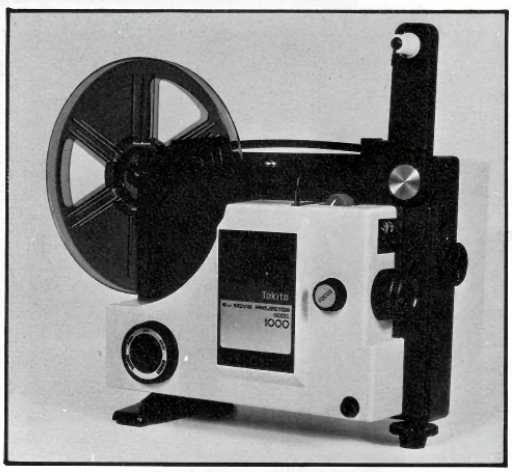

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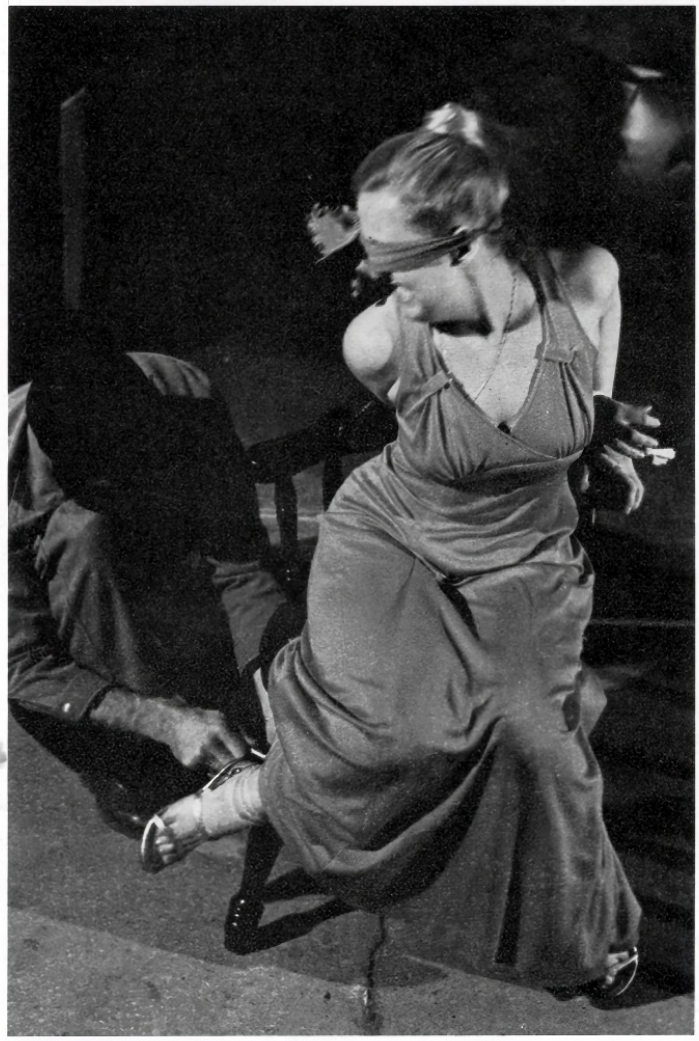
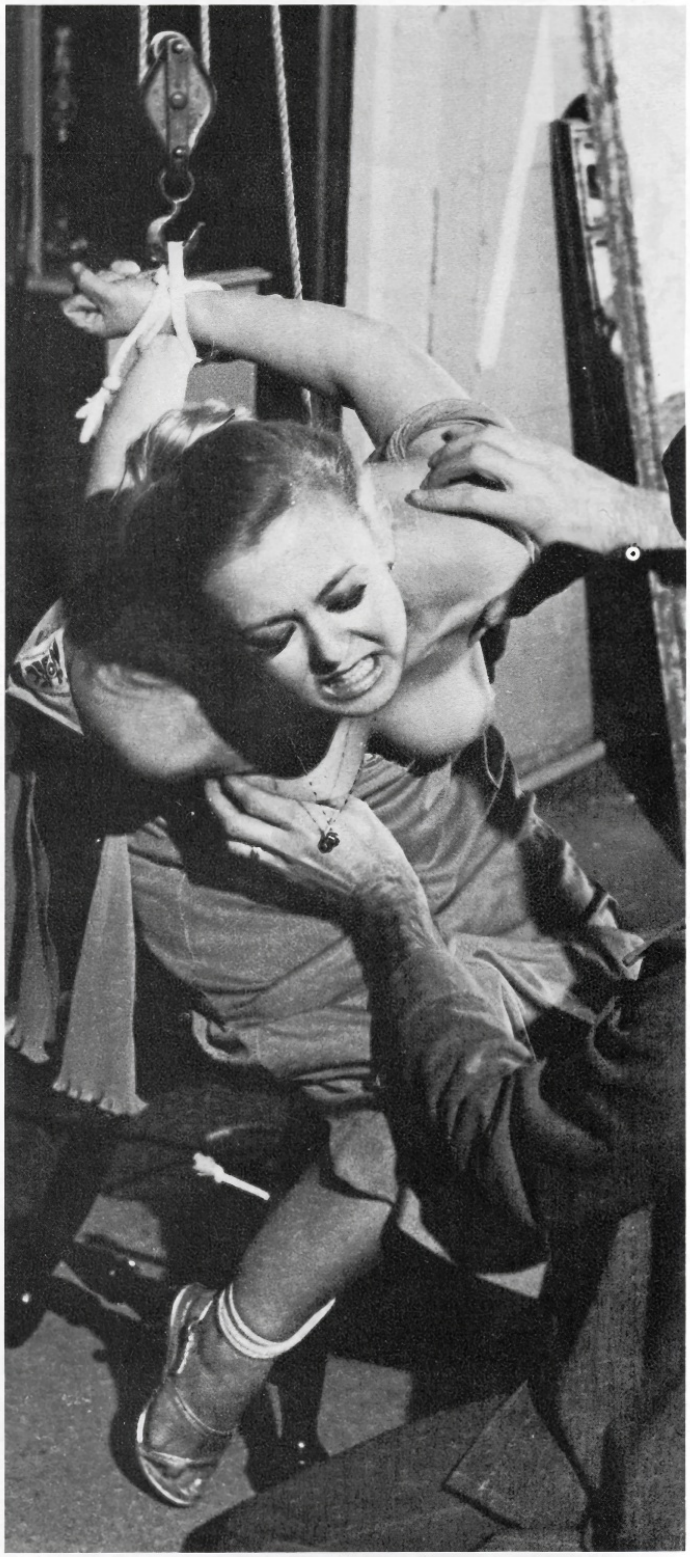
SUSPENDED SENTENCE

I knew it was Mike, the shipper in the warehouse. I'll never prove it, and maybe it doesn't matter. When a girl is tortured just for the love of hearing her scream it does not matter much what the guy's name is. After I'd called him Mike a few times and got slapped around for my trouble, I shut up and just tried sweet reason. When that fell flat I knew I was in trouble. Deep, deep trouble. This man was going to hurt me for fun. His fun.



In the beginning I was tied to a chair. It was sort of the prelude to the first act, hands roped to the back, ankles to the feet. He used his hands on my breasts. There's something about a girl's breasts. Even a girl loves them. Men adore them. I've had men tell me the darndest things they want to do to a girl's breasts, quite apart from tickling or using the tongue. He was brutal. I thought he would tear the soft round things right away from me. I wailed and howled and implored constantly. He snickered beneath the cloth. I expect that without intending to I was putting on the very act he most desired. He let me stand after awhile, but only so he could fix a pulley to the cords around my wrists and pull my arms back and up. There I sat, still tied to the chair by my ankles but with my arms strained so high that I could scarcely move. It hurt. Oh, how it hurt!



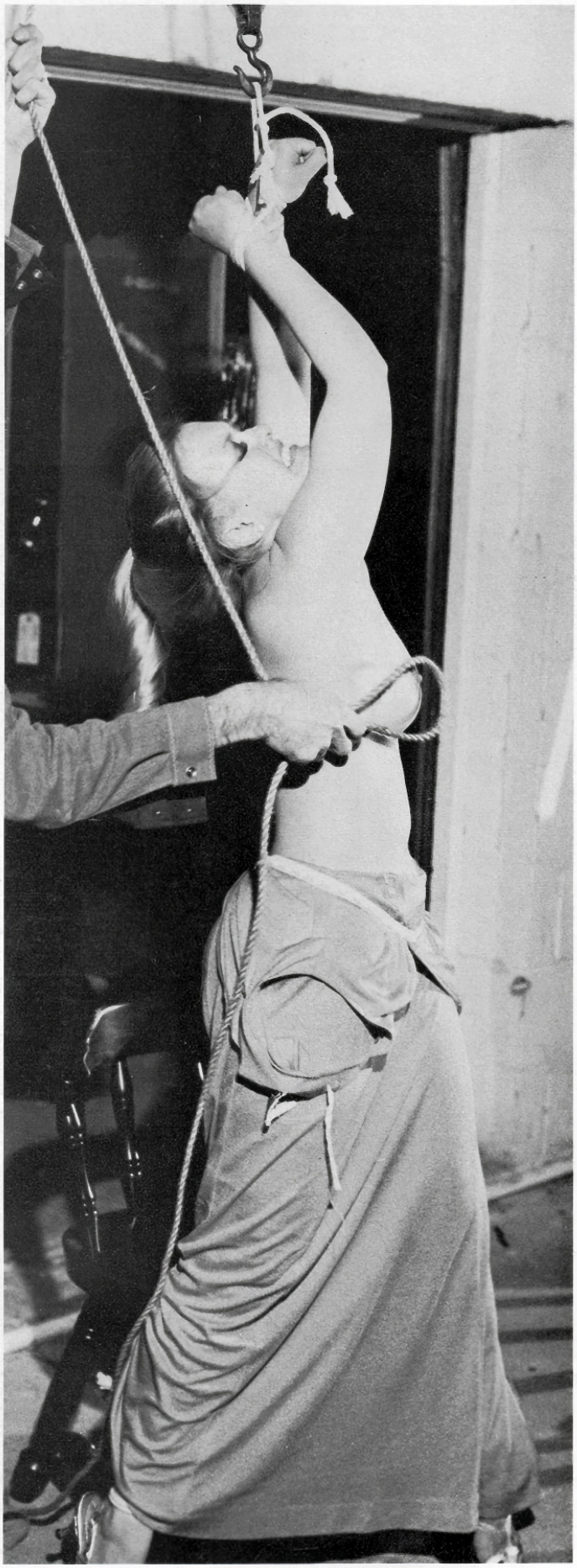
I said I could scarcely move. That's what I thought. What I meant was that it hurt too much for me to want to move. When he produced the pliers I found I could move a great deal and I no longer cared about the pain. I'd have stood a great deal more pain than that to have gotten away from those pliers. I kidded myself he was fooling, scaring a helpless girl into fits. It just did not seem possible that he would actually use a pair of metal pliers on a girl's nipples. I watched him approach. I looked at the ugly things that might soon squeeze my most cherished possessions into small wounds. It could not happen! Not to me...

I screamed in agony and fear as the jaws closed on my left nipple. He went about it very carefully so as to bite the nipple only and not my breast. I could not take my eyes away from what he was doing, from this thing that was being done to me. This was out of the dark ages. Girls had not had their nipples torn away from their breasts for centuries...Had they? Had they? What man would want a girl whose breasts had been so robbed! Once again I went into a crescendo of pleading.

He did as he pleased. He pinched until I knew my nipples were gone. I rewarded him constantly with screams of more than agony. They were the screams of a girl in utter desolation of spirit. The screams of a girl who was being made less than female, being robbed of something she could never replace. The pliers bit and bit...

He took his time. He went from breast to breast. Soon the two red rosebuds were scalding cores of agony. They turned scarlet and red under his careful attention. He enjoyed every moment. I was unbelievingly thankful when he was done with that bit of my torture and I could look down and see that I still had nipples. Red, bruised, a bit misshapen, and hurting more than I would have supposed possible, but still nipples attached to the breasts of a girl being tortured. Me!

Now he had my wrists in front and with the pulley was drawing them high. He even untied my ankles from the chair so that this fresh torment could work its full impact on me. I was naked now. Shamingly naked. More shamingly naked than I had ever been in my life. My pussy was staring him in the face. He slashed it savagely with a rope as though to teach it manners. Again and again he struck it. Once more I gave him the pealing agonies of my voice. I don't suppose any girl anywhere at any time had less hope or knew greater despair than I did then.



He was ingenious. He placed chairs so that I could just reach them by stretching my feet wide. I had to do it to take the weight off my burning wrists. If you have ever been hung by the wrists you'd know the one thing you want most is to take the weight off those biting cords. So there I was in the sweet tableau he had planned. Hands together and high and feet as wide apart as I ever want to have them, and my quim right before his eyes so that I wished I'd never shaved it. It felt about ten times naked. There was no protection at all against his whip. Maybe my hair wouldn't have helped much. But I longed for it.

Oh how he enjoyed whipping me there! I had a choice to just stand in the most perfect position for him to get at me or to swing wildly from my wrists. I could not win. I tried both. He whipped me happily with his bit of rope. Whether I swung or stood wide I got the licks anyway. He was having a wonderful day. I promised him everything if only he would stop. But what has a tied and naked girl to offer! He has it all right now. No man could have more of a girl than he had of me right then.

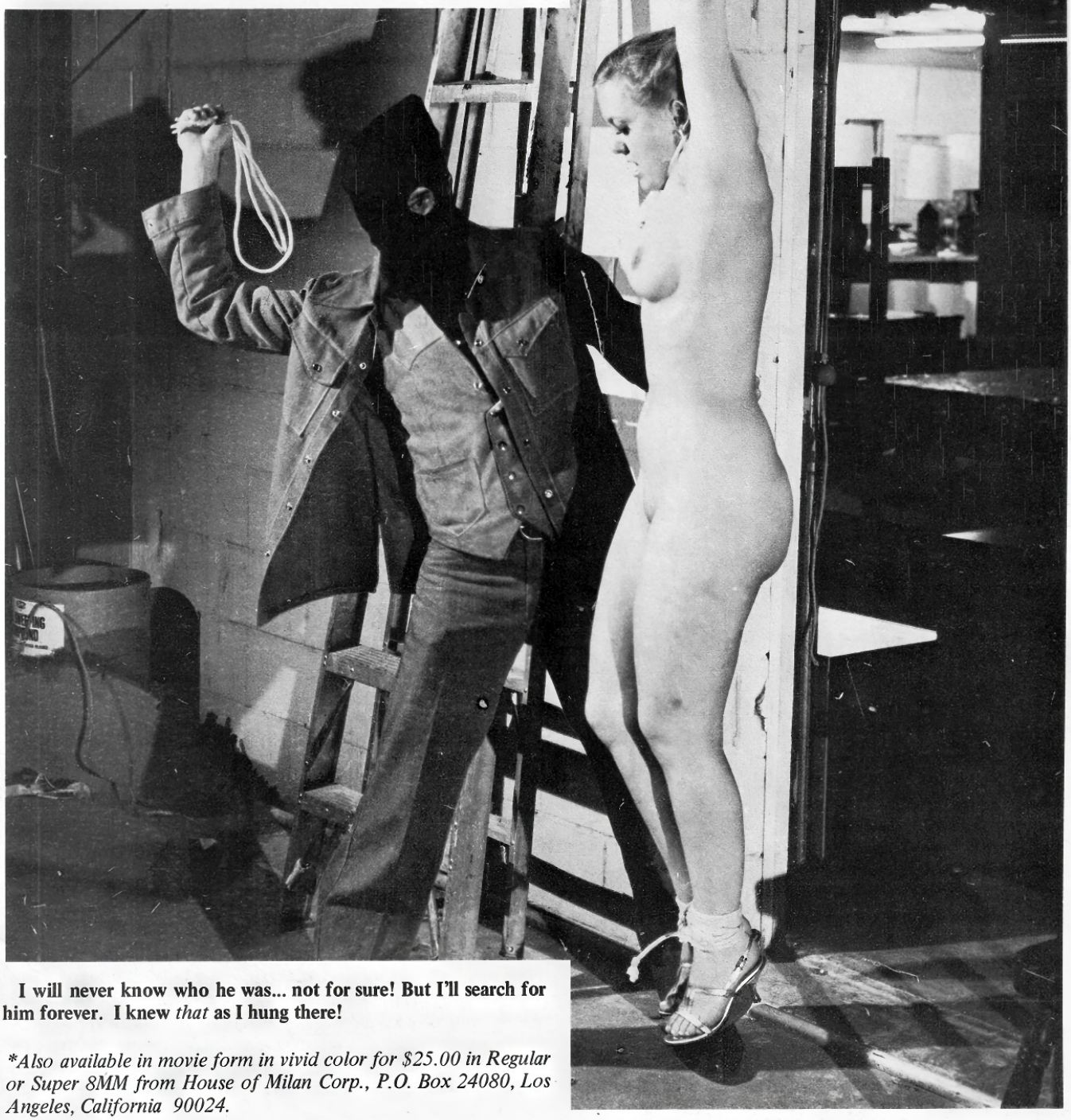
Next he let me down. It felt too damn good for a moment! But he kept me standing stretched and then spent a happy few minutes whipping my breasts. I was ashamed of the way I sobbed. I couldn't help it. He was taking me into a depth of pain and misery such as I had never known or even read about. When he produced the pliers again I just groaned in utter desolation. My nipples stood out betraying me. But it was not them he wanted this time. He took one lip of my cunny between the metal jaws and let me have it good. If I had screamed before, I screamed doubly now. That place is tender. It is more tender than even I thought it would be. The pain was sickening. The sort you can't bear. You know you'll faint. But you do bear it and you don't faint. You scream. And you cry. And you plead. You promise your body and all its delights. You think up a few new ones that surely ought to interest a man...You'll do anything! Anything at all...And the pliers went right on grabbing little bits of my cunt and squeezing and pinching. I expect it pleased him immensely.

He did a bit of alternating now. He had three lovely places. Two nipples and my quim. He went the rounds. Always intent and purposeful. Very careful to give me the maximum pain. Sometimes he'd put the pliers down and go back to using his hands and fingers. After the wounds the metal had made, his hands were doubly awful. They brought to life all the other agony and mixed it with their own. He was pure sadist. I had no chance. He had no mercy. My torture went on. He did not believe in intermissions.

My next torture was beautifully simple. I suppose you could use the word classic. Ankles tied, wrists strapped, he raised me just off the floor so that my searching toes could come no closer to the floor than four inches. How beautiful that is! How gloriously it delineates the body of a girl! How well it exposes her nakedness! I was totally naked now. Nothing! I was clad only in my bonds, and there were few of them. My body was his. It was all there. He whipped it.

I don't suppose it is possible to place a girl in a better position to be whipped than I was in right then. I knew it. He knew it. He whipped me everywhere. He whipped me even on those parts of me he had tortured with the pliers. He whipped me, oh so carefully and well! I swung and kicked. A girl has to. It's easier on the wrists just to hang. But you can't. You just can't. He loved that too. I could tell.

Then he went away.



I will never know who he was... not for sure! But I'll search for him forever. I knew *that* as I hung there!

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> **Rule number 1: strictly no body editing or manipulation**

The bottom line

The thought processes behind The Bare Project. Interview by Richard Plume.

It Was A Very Good Year...

Paul Rouse looks back on the past 12 months at H&E Naturist.

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REITER DER RACHE

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Grusel – Horror – Zwischenwelten

Doppelband 9

Michael Sonntag

Das Reich der brennenden Skelette
Reiter der Rache

Michael Sonntag

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Western

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Michael Harte

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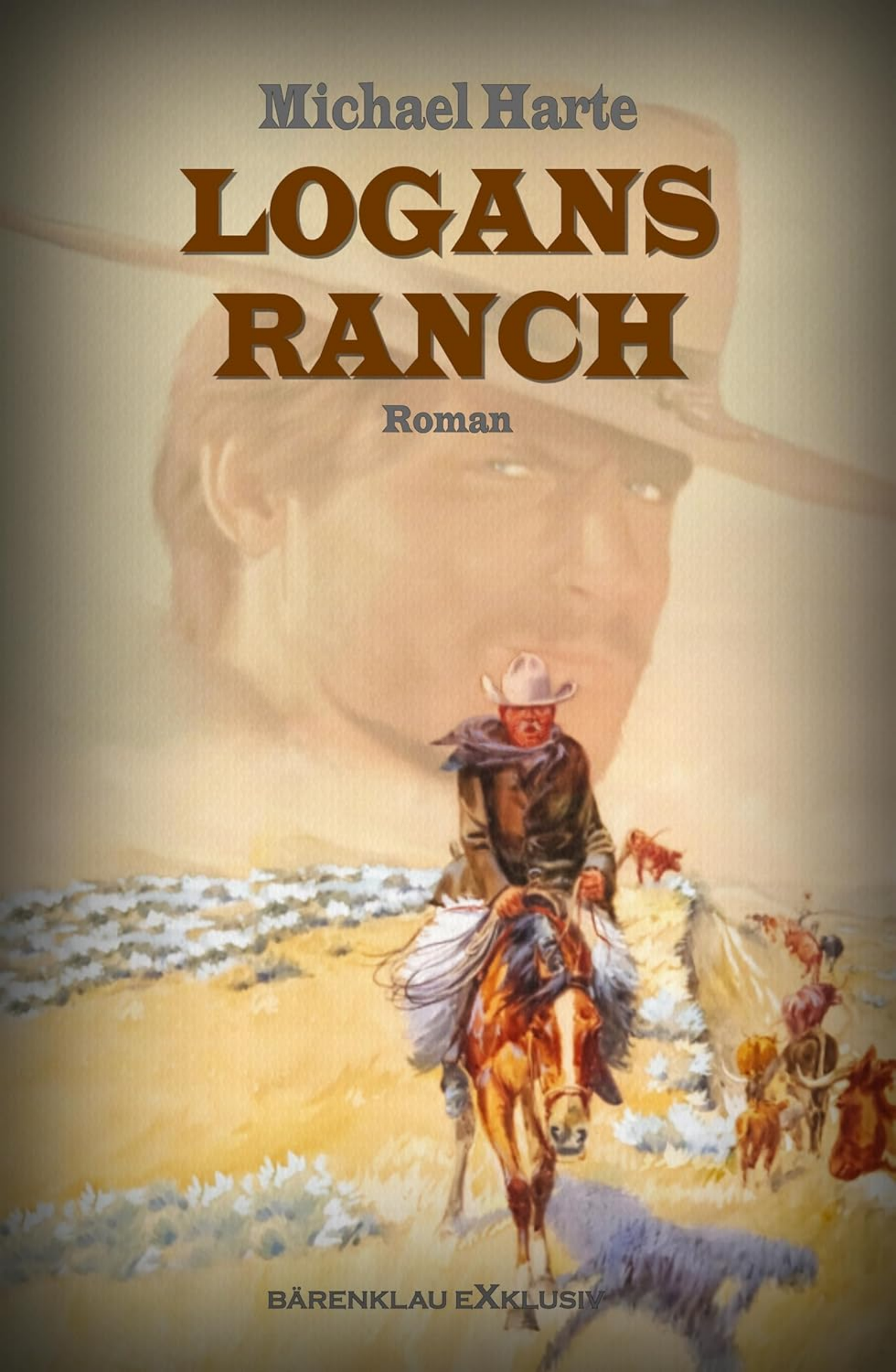

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Aktiv, Stark, Frech und Frei

Freikörperkultur heute

Nackedei 3

Fahrt Frei

Freikörperkultur heute

Nackedei 4

Das sind Wir!

Freikörperkultur heute

Nackedei 5
Ohne Schuh und Strümpf
Freikörperkultur heute

Nackedei 6

Teufel und Hex

Freikörperkultur heute